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# WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

A UNION ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES  
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VOLUME X.

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ARMENIAN MOTHER AND CHILDREN IN PERSIA, LAND OF THE MAGI.

(From photograph kindly loaned by Miss Clark of Teheran.)

# WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1895.

NO. 1

DR. A. C. GOOD *died at his post in Africa, Dec. 13*,—the hand almost refuses to write it—and under this black shadow we are obliged to close our record of 1894.

THE SUPPLEMENT to the *Assembly's Herald* for January (only) is published under the same auspices as WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN. Among the contents are another of those inimitable records of a tour in Persia, a delightful glimpse of Lao women learning to pray, and a second letter by the lamented Mrs. Laffin about her visit to Efulen. Apply for this Supplement to headquarters of any Woman's Board.

THE horrible massacres of Armenians in Turkey, first newspaper reports of which were discredited in this country, prove to have been not overstated. Not less than six thousand are believed to have lost their lives, among them defenseless young girls who were former pupils of the mission schools in Bitlis, Van and perhaps other cities. Think, Missionary Teacher, how *you* would feel if dear girls to whom you were teaching the Bible only last year had perished from the earth in that awful way.

In the majority of cases the girls go out from our mission schools to meet stern experiences—how stern no one can forecast. Shall we not put the fervent emphasis of our teaching—not upon the English language, nor needle work, nor Western polish, but upon bringing the living Christ into the school-room; upon personal character—self-respect, industry, courage, faith in God? Then, if they are persecuted, it shall be for righteousness' sake; if they die, it shall be the martyrs' death.

How many of us, fifteen and twenty years ago, heard the argument, perhaps urged it ourselves, that we ought to send the Gospel to Japan, *because Japan would rapidly assimilate the Gospel*. The Japanese were "the French of the East;" they would quickly adopt Western ideas and then—oh

blessed *then*—they would shake slower Eastern nations out of their lethargy. That was not a dreamer's argument. Mr. Harworth writes, already, that some of the Japanese Christians are saying they must now help to evangelize Korea and some of the preachers pray for China in their pulpits.

ALTHOUGH Christianity is sufficiently in evidence in Japan to reward those a hundred-fold who have sent the Gospel there, its friends are asking some questions. One says: "How will they face the sorrows of war unaccompanied by Christian faith? How bear the sight of success unbalanced by Christian humility?" And we may add—Is there salt enough in the Empire to be a savour to China and Korea? An immoral nation might be used in the Hand of God as a scourge to her neighbors, but those soldiers who won reforms have always

"Charged in His great Name;  
That Name alone sufficed."

It seems that it was the Methodist mission property at Pyeng Yang that was preserved intact, while Mr. Moffett found his house "cleaned out," rubber coat, blankets and all, when he arrived there with Mr. Lee early in October. Though it was three weeks after the battle, they saw hundreds of Chinese yet unburied, and dead horses, saddles, gun stocks, cartridges, clothing and paper umbrellas which attendants held over the heads of Chinese officers during the battle, all strewn along the line of flight.

WRITING from Nanking, Oct. 18, Mrs. Abbey did "not take much stock" in the rumors of possible overthrow of the reigning dynasty in China, but she had conformed to the judgment of the foreign community and sent what valuables she had to Shanghai. The Consul advised foreign women and children to leave Nanking, and some had gone, but "many a time," she says, "I wish we were so far in the interior that it would be impossible to think of leaving."



By latest mail from Ichowfu we learn that people there hardly know that a war is in progress. At Wei Hien, Christians went to Rev. Frank Chalfant to get his protection from the draft. But that is where they made a mistake. They went home digesting a sound lesson on patriotism.

IT LOOKS as if it might be rather dull for Mr. Irwin occupying Lampoon, Laos, alone, all the year. Perhaps Sunday experiences such as that of last October, have something to do with his cheerfulness. He had gone down the river to hold Communion service and received eleven persons to the Church in the morning, on confession of faith. In the afternoon, behold the minister "walking barefoot with pants rolled up" seven miles through mud and water to the next village, where he baptized five more persons. There are pastors "on the avenue" who might well covet such a day's work.

MISSIONARY journeys have been greatly prospered during the autumn. Mrs. Mills was traveling twenty-nine days, besides Sabbaths when she rested, between Ithaca, N. Y., and Tungchow, China. Miss Wallace, though fifty-one days between New York and Tabriz, Persia, spent her thirty-one nights on shipboard without seasickness. But Miss Holliday has beaten all the records. One evening, station meeting decreed she must consult an oculist in Constantinople. Passports were viséd, Russian money bought, horses found, duties distributed and in three days—in Persia—she was on her way to the railroad. By rail she traveled alone, at Batoum took a Greek steamer, along with a Tabriz family who had started ten days in advance of her, and in fifteen days from Tabriz was talking over mutual Indiana friends with Minister Terrell in Constantinople. New eyeglasses were found, and she whirled right about, expecting, by Dec. 1, to reach Tabriz, which she left Oct. 30.

DR. WRIGHT of Salmas, Persia, was taken dangerously ill on a journey, but after a week at a village was able to travel.

OPPOSITION has been excited at Hoshyapur, India, on account of the conversion of a respectable young Hindu. Parents who sent their children to mission school were threatened with loss of caste and, at last accounts, one of the schools had been vacant of pupils for several days. As in many instances before, the pendulum is likely to soon swing the other way.

THE *Intelligencer* (London) gives much additional information regarding the public debate at Amritsar, to which Mrs. Forman refers in "Letters" this month. Dr. Clark, an English missionary, writes that it is impossible for us in the home land to understand the effect produced upon the superstitious people of India by the solemn prophetic curse which was pronounced by the Mohammedan champion. He made the appeal: "Yea, God Himself shall decide this controversy." In the mosque, prayer was offered day and night with crying and tears: "O God, save Islam. It is the hour of darkness; let the sign be given." As the debate had lasted fifteen days, the curse was to be fulfilled in fifteen months, which covered two hot seasons, and the Christian champion was old and feeble. Eight attempts were made upon his life, and as time passed excitement and suspense increased. When the fifteen months terminated in safety, Mr. Athim returned to Amritsar (Sept. 6), where a large company of Christians gathered to welcome him and give thanks to God for his preservation. Mr. Athim made a touching speech in which he quoted Deut. 13: 1-3, and said that in these months of danger and anxiety two things had given him strength and comfort—the Holy Spirit and the blood of Christ. As a direct result of these events, eleven Mohammedans had already been baptized, including the prophet's own brother-in-law.

THE Methodist physician in Korea, Dr. Hall, has died.

AFTER seventeen years in Uganda, during which no woman has attempted to make the journey, the Church Missionary Society now proposes to send English women in the spring. The *Gleaner* comments upon the physical difficulties in the case of such a remote station, and with its customary frankness adds: "The first party should be a picked one indeed. Young wives will not do; nor (at first) such as might possibly become so in Uganda. We want, first, four or five married couples, not too young, and whose children, if they have any, are old enough to be left at home without anxiety or a necessity for their parents' early return; and then, with these, some single women of experience and strength of character could go too." The deep interest which American women have felt for the Uganda Mission will not be diminished by this new and heroic measure.

## ANOTHER YEAR IN OUR MISSIONS. 1894.

“The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the world to shine.”

THE Lord has been with our missions again this year also. If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may His servants say, then, when the plague swooped down on South China, when the earthquake shook Tokyo, when war stalked across Korea and threatened North China, when a wave of Nationalism set the Church rocking in Japan, when the French Government closed the Benito school, had not the Lord been on our side, the waters had overwhelmed us. Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us a prey.

While none of the missions have been passed by, the Spirit of God has been moving with revival power in Peking, and as a constant presence in the Lao churches to which there are additions every month. There have been good in-gatherings also in Shantung, China; in Kanazawa and Sapporo districts, Japan; in Korea, Persia, Colombia, Africa. Among the converts at Tabriz were a Russian teacher and his wife. In North India a *munshi* was led to Christ by one of the young ladies. In September last seventeen adults were baptized in the Zitacuaro field, Mexico; in two places the missionary held the first Christian service ever witnessed there. In October the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time in two towns in Guerrero, Mexico.

There have been, as every year, such disheartening instances as that of the Japanese girl who had studied her Bible until she wanted to confess Christ, and then her parents promptly removed her from the mission school. There were, as usual,

## DISAPPOINTMENTS,

as in that school in N. India where a native teacher was dismissed for immoral conduct; in the case of that pupil who, having been instructed for years, went back to idolatry on her deathbed; in zenana teaching, like that frankly reported from Lodiana, where women listen to the Bible “often listlessly, sometimes unwillingly, and, when they cannot help admiring the truth, still go their own way.” Every missionary understands what one wrote: “So many of whom we hoped the best have turned out badly, and self-seeking and hypocrisy seem so common.”

Or the missionary has been checkmated, as the Montgomery sisters were in Persia, when they packed up and traveled all the way to Senneh to open a school and then sensibly went home without opening it because they found the town was seeking only loaves and fishes. Or, as in West India, where Miss Minor and Miss Jefferson make laborious preparation to go out and preach the Gospel and, because they have no native Bible woman to accompany them, at their approach the groups of Hindu women scatter like a flock of sheep.

Many hopes were cut off by the death of experienced or promising workers such as Julia of Gaboon, Ai Mah the brightest Christian boy at Lakawn, and Elder Loo, cashier of the Mission Press at Shanghai, who for over twenty years handled large sums of mission money and never misappropriated a dollar.

In these and similar ways we know that our missionaries have endured trial, but we know also that the testimony of every one of them would be the same as hers of Guatemala city: “When one is trying to work in a place like this where sin seems fetterless, we feel powerless to make any headway against it, but this is our hope and stay,—*the Master is on the field*. And so, dear friends, it is all right.”

To recount the

## DISTINGUISHING EVENTS OF 1894

in the missionary world at large would require many pages. Confining the enumeration to our own missions, the following are of special significance:

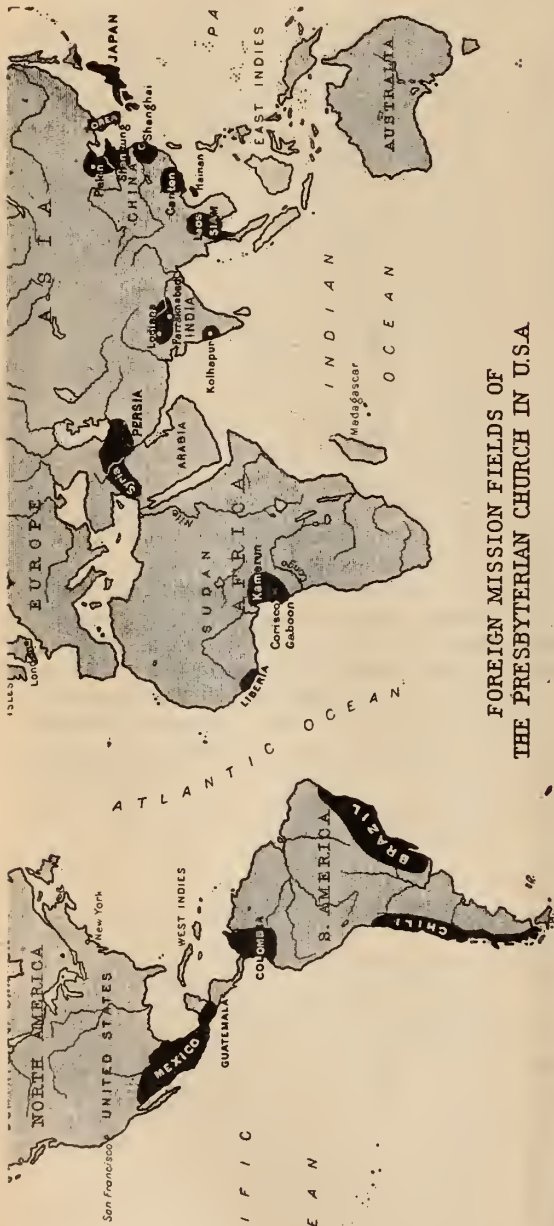
The erection of a beautiful column in Beirut, Syria, to mark the site of the first school for girls in the Turkish Empire. [The significance lies in the contrast between 1835 and 1894.]

The entire Bible printed in Siamese for the first time.

The first portions of the Word of God, (Genesis and the Gospel of Matthew), printed in the Fang, a language which was unwritten until reduced by members of the Gaboon Mission. This translation was made by Rev. A. W. Marling.

The entire Bible published in Cantonese, Rev. B. C. Henry, D.D., and Rev. H. V. Noyes, principal translators.

The selection of a site for the second Station in the Bule country, W. Africa, and



buildings ready for occupation at the opening year.

Occupation of the city of Nan, Laos.

Erection of a hospital at Miraj, in Kolhapur State, W. India.

#### THE PRESENT MISSIONARY FORCE.

Forty-four new recruits have been sent to the missions the past year, viz. : eleven men and their wives, fourteen young ladies (three of them physicians) and eight young men.

Four other unmarried ladies, whose connection with the Board had been severed for a longer or shorter period, have returned, and four of the single men of 1893 have married. At the same time the usual causes have withdrawn a number of missionaries, so that the roll stands at a total of 666. Of these, 227 are wives while 175 single women render uninterrupted service. There are 199 ordained men; 38 laymen. There are 56 enrolled physicians, of whom 22 are women.

The retired Canton missionary, Dr. A. P. Happer, passed away in this country. Six little children went from missionary homes to the Saviour's arms. Mr. Ferris of W. India, Mr. McKee of Ningpo, Dr. Forman, the veteran of Lahore, all have left great breaches behind them. Miss Hesser is widely mourned among our societies, for they have long watched her noble course. In Mrs. Laffin's short service it had not become so well known how consecrated she was and how well adapted to African life. She said she was glad to work where housekeeping could be so simple, that she might spend her whole time on the people. "She was no ordinary Christian," says Mrs. Ogden. "The Spirit was given her without measure," says Mr. Milligan.

In these days great caution is urged upon the Board of Foreign Missions. It is said, "You must not look on whitening harvests, but you must look at financial depression." One says: "Shut down on building enterprises," and another says: "Be guarded about sending forth laborers." That places responsibility where responsibility ought to be. It is not, then, with the Mission House that the decision rests

WHERE ADVANCE SHALL BE,

but with the stewards of the Church. Some of the questions now before them are the following :

All Laos is open to us; no church there but ours. Shall Chieng Hai be occupied,



as so long planned? *Shall* another doctor be sent to Chieng Mai?

The Bule country is all ours. *Shall* a third Station be planted as in the original purpose, or shall we stop half-way?

Hainan is ours. *Shall* a second interior Station be opened, as the Hainanese themselves beg?

In Pyeng Yang, Korea, there is no doctor. *Shall* Brother Moffett be refused a medical associate?

*Shall* a woman physician be sent to the hospital in Seoul?

*Shall* we give the Gospel to Hakka-speaking Chinese? Then another man must go to Kang Hau.

*Shall* our Syria field be restrained within five stations or shall it be enlarged to include Arabic-speaking Aleppo?

*Shall* Mosul be held? Then it must be reinforced.

*Shall* Colombia be strengthened or abandoned?

*Shall* a man be sent to stand by Mr. Lowe in Santiago and help redeem the *Instituto* to a spiritual life?

*Shall* the Gospel be preached in the Guerrero mountains, Mexico? Then another man must be sent, for Mr. Wallace, who never spoke a word of English with a white man from June till November, is now drafted for the theological school.

*Shall* a vacancy be filled in the school for girls at Woodstock, India?

All these questions represent earnest requests from the Missions. What response are they to get from Christians in America, debtors all—from happy women, privileged young people, the 74,000 persons who confessed Christ within the Presbyterian fold last year, from the wealthy stewards of the Church? Shall it not be a bold and ringing answer that will carry hope and courage to every lonely station on the farthest field? Shall we vindicate our name as a Church obedient to Jesus Christ?

#### THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION—PEKING.



FT quoted as the words "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" have been, their truth has rarely been more strikingly illustrated than just now in China.

Months ago, the Chinese determined to celebrate the approaching anniversary of the Empress Dowager's sixtieth birthday with the greatest possible magnificence. This old lady, who has in many ways ruled China so well these past thirty years, was deemed worthy of the most imposing honors, so, money to the extent of more than thirty millions of taels was collected from all parts of the Empire. All officials were made directly or indirectly to contribute to this object. The Summer Palace, at the Hill of Ten Thousand Ages, has been fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, electric lights even being employed to beautify the grounds. The high road from Peking to the Palace was for a month to be one continuous Vanity Fair. Monumental arches, stages for theatrical shows, platforms where priests from all the celebrated temples could chant their hymns of praise, have been erected along both sides of the road. Thousands of yards of costly silks to decorate these arches, as well as the gates of the city, had been ordered. The carvings alone of the thousands of lamps to be placed

every few feet along the highway, cost several hundreds of thousands of dollars. Through the midst of all this Oriental splendor, sitting in a golden chair borne by thirty-two men, the Empress Dowager was expecting to be carried, surrounded by her court in their magnificent garments. Inside the pleasure grounds of the Summer Palace, feats rivaling those of "Arabian Nights" magnificence were to be performed in the presence of the high officers of the realm. Some of these grandees are now on their way here, traveling by laborious stages in carts or sedan chairs, having started from their distant posts months ago. All officials of the city were commanded to wear the "flowery dress" of the court during these festivities.

But the "handwriting has appeared on the wall." From the Country of the Dwarfs, China's contemptuous title for little Japan, has arisen a cloud which threatens to pour down on the proud Manchu rulers misfortunes which may overturn the dynasty.

The Chinese army and navy have been defeated, and unless the new army, armed with antiquated guns of all patterns, can stop the advance of the enemy, Peking seems doomed. The possibility of a rebellion breaking out within his own domains adds to the Emperor's peril. Now that it is too late, the government has

awoke to the situation and is making desperate efforts to save itself. All useless expense has been stopped. By an edict of the Emperor, the approaching festivities have been almost entirely given up; sackcloth and ashes take the place of feasting and gaiety. The "Son of Heaven" well says that it is not fitting for the royal family to be merry when thousands of their subjects are dying, fighting for its honor. The situation is dramatic and instructive—dra-

matic because of the sudden change from mirth to mourning, from gorgeous festivities to the din of battle: instructive, because during the past thirty years the progressive Japanese have learned from the foreigner the art of becoming a soldier, while the Celestial, wrapped in his conceit and prejudiced to all Western ideas, has kept along in the old ruts till now the day of reckoning has fully come.

B. C. Atterbury. (M. D.)

#### AMONG THE POOR AND SORROWFUL WOMEN OF PERSIA.

[In this entire journey, account of the latter half of which is reserved for another time, Dr. Bradford visited fifteen villages and was absent twenty-two days.—EDITOR.]

SUMMER, with its scorching sun, dust and troublesome insects, was upon us. With it always comes desire for a change from the routine of medical work, especially when the Mussulman month of mourning so occupies people that Dispensary attendance is decreased. So, August 1st, taking Mosa my hostler, and Zanal my cook, we started for a tour among the villages and a visit to Ardabil, over near the Caspian Sea. For a long time we have wanted a permanent worker in that city, but as yet no one has been stationed there for more than a few months at a time. A few days before I arrived, a colporteur of the American Bible Society had moved there with his family and would sell books in Ardabil and surrounding places.

I rode my own horse and the men were on hired ones. We expected to have their owner with us, for he assured us he had only an hour's work in the city and would be right after us, and we were going but twelve miles that evening. About half way, Mosa's horse showed signs of giving out. They took off as much of the load as they could and put it on Zanal's horse, and we started on, leaving Mosa to come slowly. We reached the village a little after dark, secured a room and made a dinner from tea, native bread and cheese, thinking regretfully of the good things that still remained with Mosa on the road. I spent the next day with the women. Many had been to Tabriz and I had given them medicine, so I saw old and new patients and read and talked with all. That afternoon our *chavadar* (horse owner) appeared, bringing a caravan of thirty horses loaded with tea for Ardabil. He exchanged our poor horses for better, and next morning early we were off to Arishtanab. Three years before, I

had visited this village and now the women told me of some of my old patients and brought others. The chief of the Armenian merchants in Ardabil, on his way from Tabriz with his bride, was stopping in the same village that afternoon, and they invited me to a garden to drink tea with them.

Next day at noon we reached a village and stopped for two hours, as the sun was very hot. After eating my lunch I went to find the women of the house. They at once asked for cucumbers, as they had seen some rinds, saying that they had not tasted any this year. I told them I had eaten the last one, and they said: "She is lying, she don't want to give." Then they wanted pins and, before I knew it, had taken two out of my hat. I asked them to let me read to them, and the mother put her head in her daughter's lap and told her to kill lice while she listened. A woman came in and, throwing a piece of cloth at another, told her to cut a collar to the shirt she was making. A quarrel ensued, and, calling each other very bad names, the woman seized her cloth and went away. This is a common picture. Every missionary in Persia has seen its duplicate in the villages,—and how one's heart burns for those poor women, who know no better way.

We spent Sunday at a village, where Miss Holliday and I had been three years before. The women came to my room and asked to again hear from "the Book." At one of their houses a still larger number came, and I read of the Bread of Life. I went to see a sick woman who had entertained us on our former visit, and found her nearing the end. The women watched me eagerly as I examined her. Probably fifty had gathered into the room, and they seemed to read my face. One said, "You have made our





LADIES STARTING FROM TABRIZ, BUT ON SEPARATE TOURS.

Miss Holliday, mounted, face invisible under white veiling. School girl also mounted.  
Dr. Bradford, riding-whip in hand, about to mount the horse which Mosa holds.

hearts sad, for you make us think she will not get well. Can't you give us comfort in some way?" I said, "Yes, I can," and opening my Testament read, "Let not your heart be troubled." Many more had come in before I finished, among them a priest. I handed him the book. He looked at it a moment and gave it back, saying, "This is not necessary to us. The Koran is all we need to know." I then saw the women in the next room, and, when it was time to go, slipped back to the sick woman and she held my hand while I prayed with her. Ten days after we heard she was dead.

On Monday as we were passing near a village, a man ran out of the field and said, "I know you. You are Jesus people. I have two of your books, I also believe in Christ."

During all these days, I enjoyed the views of Mt. Savalan which towered above us and sent us many a cool breeze from its snowy summit. In crossing the pass it was very cold and it is a welcome sight to the traveler, after toiling up and down over the ridges, to see one of the old caravansaries built by Shah Abbas the Great, perched on one of the high points in this lonely region. Four families lived there, and one of the women was of a sorrowful spirit for she had no child. No matter how small the place, there were always such to come and beg for medicine. It is not altogether the love of children that impels them, but that awful dread of divorce, or what is worse, bringing another wife into the home.

That evening, as soon as I had arranged my room, the woman of the house came in and told me her grief. Her husband had

married another woman and gone to live with her. She said, "I am going to start on a pilgrimage to Kerbela; perhaps then he will come back." In another place a woman said to me: "If a woman comes and asks you for medicine for a certain disease, there is none." I said, "What do you mean?" She answered, "Another wife of my husband will come to you and want medicine, and I don't want you to give it." "Is she the first wife, or are you!" "Oh, she was married to him first, but she don't need to treat me so mean if she was and it is all her fault that my husband won't support me." I said, "You are to blame for going to him when he already had a wife," and she left the room. In a moment she came running back saying: "She is coming, she is coming! Don't give her the medicine, not a bit!" I told her she could not say to whom I should give medicine, and she ran out of the room with a look of hate and rage. In many places a woman would beg me to write a prayer that her husband might love her. Some theorists may think Mussulman women are happy in their present condition, but if they really could see them in their homes and hear them speak in bitterness of soul they would soon adopt other views.

Mary E. Bradford.

We commend Dr. Bradford's unvarnished story to one of the "theorists," Horace Victor, and to readers of the *Fortnightly* or the *Eclectic*, in which magazines his article on "Eastern Women" appeared. Mr. Victor has much to say about the "amity" existing between four or five wives of one

man. He says: "The root ideas of Islam reconcile the women to polygamy;" the husband "has never pretended to love one of his wives with undying affection, so they do not break their hearts when he takes another."

### A VISIT TO SADO, JAPAN, VIA TAKATA.

[Sado is an island on the West Coast.]

HERE I am at Sado,\* where I have so long wanted to be. On Friday last, finding I was going to have a week quite free, I asked O Hi San whether she would come with me on a little evangelistic trip. She is one of the up-and-ready girls and at once responded that she would come, so, early Saturday morning, we started to tramp down the mountain from Iri-no-yu. A number of friends had spent the night with us and we had the pleasure of their company and of sharing with them the lovely views of which there are so many between Iri-no-yu and Yokokawa. We reached the latter place just in time for the noon train, and I telegraphed to Takata that we would spend Sabbath there and go on to Sado Monday, if a boat could be found to take us. At eight in the evening, we were at Takata and found a delegation of smiling Japanese girls waiting at the station to meet us.

We had a delightful Sabbath. O Moto San entertained us most hospitably at the school. Every nook and corner of the little house has pleasant associations for me, and every foot of the way to church—the long, shady street with the hospital at one side; the little *machi* (street of shops) where they used to sell me brooms and vegetables; the curio shop at the corner, and all the rest. We went to church and Sunday-school and were glad to find that, although the numbers are small, things are in a promising condition. The church is without a pastor, but two young theologues from the Meiji Gakuin are doing excellent work. Sunday-school is in good shape and the Christians have just had a week of united prayer which seems to have warmed their hearts. In the afternoon, the "old girls" came to my room for a prayer-meeting. We had a Bible reading on "How to Honor God." Miss Finch and I had just been looking up the Bible use of the word "honor," and I was glad to be able to give the results of our search to the little band of girls who are striving, in that great, worldly town, to honor by their lives the

No, Mr. Victor, before you write your next article in defense of the harem, consult these missionary ladies, who understand well the language in which these Moslem women speak, and to whom they open their hearts as they never could to you.—EDITOR.

unseen God. Evening service was well attended, a number of unbelievers being present. Altogether, I felt cheered by the state of things in Takata, after the discouraging reports of the past year. I could not help wishing I were going to stay, but decided we had best go on to Naoetsu by the first train Monday and it was well we did, for when we reached the wharf the little Sado steamer had just unloaded and was about to set out on its return voyage. We immediately purchased tickets, and I decided that Japan was indeed progressive when I found that, for the sum of fifteen cents, I could send a submarine cable message to Mr. Ikeno. I lost no time in letting him know that we were coming, and then O Hi San and I cheerfully boarded the "Miyoshima Maru," while our friends who had attended us from Takata waved us a merry good-by.

Such a ride as we had of it! There was a big underswell and that miserable little boat pitched about for seven hours in a distance of fifty miles. Men, women and children stretched themselves out on the dirty deck, a pale and miserable sight. O Hi San was horribly ill and, though I am a fairly good sailor, I did not enjoy the thing myself, especially when it rained and we all had to tumble into the stuffy little cabin. It cleared beautifully before we reached Sado, and we sailed over tranquil waters into the serenest harbor I ever saw. As we rowed toward the wharf in our *sampan*, we looked with no small curiosity at this longed-dreamed-of Sado. It rose green and cool out of the blue sea, a long line of wooded, winding bluff. Against the shore nestled the little port of Sawane. A group of idlers stood watching on the wharf. Among them, but taller and better dressed and more energetic looking than the rest, was a man whom we at once marked as the evangelist, Mr. Ikeno. He looked as though he might be owner of the island, as he stood, hat in hand, bowing us a friendly welcome, and the wish sprang up in my heart that he might indeed take possession of Sado for Christ.

\* For "Beginnings at Sado," See WOMAN'S WORK, Oct. 1892.



We were soon off in *jinrikishas* for Aikawa, the capital. The beautiful, broad, white road we followed, wound up a little mountain and down again, a distance of five miles. Below us lay a tiny valley every inch of which was waving with tiny grain. The whole island is covered with a network of mountains but the valleys are wonderfully fertile, producing grain, fruit and vegetables in such abundance that the inhabitants have not only enough for their own wants but export quantities. The island is fifty miles in circumference and supports 120,000 people. It is refreshing to hear that none of them are distressingly poor, as the island contains rich gold and silver mines which have been worked from time immemorial and has, besides, fine fishing grounds and celebrated potteries. Aikawa looks much like Takata, only it is a trifle blacker and less inviting. There are good schools on the island and the people are gentle and polite like other Japanese. The women do a great deal of the hard work and look wonderfully robust in consequence. Mr. Ikeno says that in the rural parts the village folk are unsophisticated in the extreme. For the most part, they are honest and hospitable but terribly immoral in other respects. They are generally Buddhists, but do not seem strongly prejudiced against Christianity; on the contrary, they give him a ready hearing.

It was dark when we reached the town, but a number of children were waiting at the hotel when we rode up and gave Mr.

Ikeno a loving salute as *Sensei* (Teacher). We knew at once they were his Sunday-school children and exchanged bows with



YASAKA TEMPLE, KYOTO, JAPAN.

them upon a fraternal footing. Dear little brothers and sisters in Christ, they took in the light-haired stranger at once, as their friend for His sake.

O Hi San and I were prepared to rough it here and were pleasantly surprised to be received at this large, clean hotel where everything is served neatly and even daintily. We are depending altogether on Japanese food, and it is nice to have it presented on shining red lacquer and in quaint china a hundred years old.

Seven Christians have been baptized but two of them have gone away, so there are just six, with Mr. Ikeno, to partake of the Lord's Supper on those rare occasions when an ordained evangelist comes to administer it. Mr. Ikeno in company with another Japanese has just completed a tour on which they visited twelve large and many smaller towns. They went to out-of-the-way places which could be reached only on foot and everywhere were kindly entertained and met with a willing hearing. In some spots the people knew absolutely nothing about Christianity. In others, young men who had been away to serve their three years in the army had come back with the impression that Christianity is a good thing. They found one interesting village, called Ebisu Machi, where the people have for ten years worked on the total abstinence plan. If a man drinks *sake*, he is at once ousted and has to seek a home elsewhere. This measure was adopted on the advice of one of the oldest and wisest inhabitants, and, whereas the village was formerly deplorably poor,

it is now highly prosperous and the admiration of all comers.

Our friends stayed for evening prayers with us and Mr. Matsuda, who is an officer in the mines, invited us to visit them. So, early this morning, Mr. Ikeno appeared and conducted me to the big "works" which crown the hill above the town. They are under government supervision, are run by foreign machinery and furnish employment to over two thousand men and women. It would make my letter too long to tell about the mines and the curious china manufactured here. You will care more about the children's meeting which was held this afternoon.

It did one's heart good to see the black little house full of children and their parents and grandparents, and to hear the little things sing "There is a happy land" and recite "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea." We taught them "Stand up for Jesus" and O Hi San and I each gave them a little talk. They are much attached to Mr. Ikeno and, in his lonely life, are a great comfort to him. This evening there is to be a general meeting. To-morrow morning we go in a fishing boat to a village across the bay, where no foreign or Christian women have ever been. At one P. M. we are to have a woman's meeting here, and at four are off for Naoetsu again. I am thankful to have had a glimpse of Sado and pray that God will use the few poor words we have spoken to work good for some child of the island.

*Elizabeth Milliken.*

## A LIGHT THAT SHINED IN A DARK PLACE.

"For God hath shined in our hearts to give the light."—II Cor. 4 : 6.

I SIT down to write the last chapter in the life of Mrs. Julia Green, for many years a faithful Bible Reader and Itinerant, within the bounds of Gaboon Church.

I do not know her age, neither am I well acquainted with the circumstances of her early years. It is twenty-six years since I arrived first in Africa and she was at that time in the Mission and continued in the Lord's work until now. Another reason why I write only the last chapter of her history is because so much came into the last month of her life.

Julia, or as she was usually called by way of respect, "Ma-Julia," had not been in good health for more than a year. She suffered greatly at times but, with characteristic energy, she compelled her weary

body to go about her Master's work in the scattered homes of the Gaboon women. In these itinerations she and her associate for many years, Mrs. Sarah Lewis, not only taught the Word of God to the people but encouraged them to learn to read it for themselves. In many ways Julia was a very well-equipped worker for the Master. Her religious life was deep and quiet; her living and dressing very simple and consistent; her accurate knowledge of the English language and long practice in its use had opened to her sources of wide Scriptural knowledge; and she was humble and modest about herself. She sang both Mpongwe and English hymns with much ability and was a leader in the women's meetings and Treasurer of their Missionary Society at Baraka



When compelled to go to Gaboon last July, our good Mission Doctor accompanied me and Julia took advantage of his presence to consult him about her health. Doctor Laffin told her plainly that her disease was incurable, that an operation might give her some years of comfort and usefulness; yet, as it was a very serious operation, it might not result favorably.

Julia understood perfectly the circumstances and made her decision to have the operation performed. She promptly packed and arranged everything, even to putting some clothing into a small bundle that might be needed in case of her death, articles which I found when dear Mrs. Laffin and I were preparing to robe her for the grave.

When I had completed my visit at Gaboon we made the journey together up to Batanga, and for two weeks she was in my little house nearly two miles from where the Doctor resides. Those weeks will remain a precious and helpful memory to me. Though many times her face would be contorted by severe pain, she never complained. She was very fond of reading, and the book she read most steadily was Miss Havergal's "Kept for the Master's use." Those two weeks of exemption from work and care were precious to her, and well she employed the hours in reading, meditation and prayer. I had occasion to wonder and thank God for the evidences of Christ-likeness in her expressions and actions. On whatever subject she spoke, there was no word of murmuring or unkindness.

She had never visited in Batanga until this time, but her name and her work at Gaboon were known to the Christians here, who paid her most friendly attentions and listened to her earnest words and prayers in the meetings. One instance will show how she followed the convictions of her conscience. A Christian man invited her to dine with him in his town on the Sabbath. Very pleasantly but firmly she declined doing anything that would seem like Sabbath visiting. Now that these Christians at Batanga have seen her perfect trust in such a trial, her fearlessness in doing her duty, have seen her sleeping her life away, lying in her coffin with the sweetest look on her face, her poor body laid to rest with song and prayer, they will henceforth understand something of what it means to be a follower of Christ in life and in death.

When Julia decided to leave Gaboon and come for medical aid to Batanga, she had

one great care. Her only child, a daughter, the mother of four little children, was quite dependent on her for support. The husband of her daughter was engaged in trade, which often takes the young men away from their families for long periods. Julia told her trouble to Dr. Nassau, who is in charge at Gaboon, and he promised to assist the young mother. So she laid aside that care and while she was with me the Lord helped her still further by sending her son-in-law who placed money in her hands to provide for his family. She recognized how the Lord was taking the burdens out of her life.

In every way I tried to strengthen Julia for her trial, but during the last week she seemed as one who had given herself away, and there was no doubt where she was abiding—she had put herself into the hands of Jesus—no will of her own, no anxiety; but, unless acutely suffering, calm, with a cheerful smile or laugh for any occasion. The last Sabbath evening we sang many hymns. Soulful and strong was the voice that for many years had sung for Jesus. She said, "Ma! will you play the hymn on 60th page?" It was "All the way my Saviour leads me." We sang it—Julia, little Ngata and myself. I thought then, I know now, that every word was from her heart. This dear Christian sister's clear, happy faith strengthened my own.

On Thursday August 30, the hammock came to carry her up to the Doctor. I saw her placed comfortably in it and as soon as possible followed her. There was time for a precious half hour. I read to her Psalms 62, 63, 71, and Miss Havergal's poem, "I would have you without carefulness." When the Doctor was ready she walked to the room. The operation\* was completed without accident, and as the hours passed the Doctor was encouraged to believe that the danger most to be feared was over. But on Friday, she seemed to be losing. The Doctor was never out of hearing and used every appliance to keep up her strength, but at 2 P. M. everything having failed, he said, "She will die." How all of us prayed! Quietly breathing, she fell asleep in Jesus. Standing beside her lifeless form, Messrs. Ford and Milligan sang softly, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Rock of Ages," and Rev. R. H. Milligan offered prayer. At 3 P. M. of Sept. 1st, dressed in the pretty plaid flannel robe that we had prepared, she was laid tenderly in

\* The Doctor was assisted by Mrs. Laffin and the brethren.

the coffin. On the blue muslin-covered lid, with white tape and tacks, Mr. Ford had made the words, in Benga, "She is at rest." The native friends gathered for a last look. The school-children stood about her as they had loved to do when she was living; even little Harry Gault looked without fear on *Julia*. There was a memorial service in the school-room, about seventy Africans being present, Rev. Messrs. Gault and Milligan and Mr. Ford all taking part. Her remains were committed to the dust in our own cemetery, not far from the spot consecrated by the grave of Rev. B. B. Brier, the first white missionary at Batanga.

Thus ends the story of Julia Green's last month on earth. But we do not feel that she is gone. The influence of her life remains, and we are making special prayer that it be not in vain that she was led to Batanga, died and was buried here—not in vain that those who loved her so well in her dear Gaboon church and home will see the steamer come and, instead of welcoming her cheerful face, will receive the news of her death. This is the Hand of God. He ever does that which is best. Looking up through tears, we will wait until He makes plain His meaning.

*Isabella A. Nassau.*



THE TIGRIS FROM THE WEST.

### THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIGRIS, AT MOSUL.

IN speaking with a Mosulee about the antiquity of the bridge he said, "Oh, that bridge is not old. It was built in Mr. Williams' time. Have you never heard about it? The masons came and built the bridge so big and strong, it seemed as if the work of the old Romans could not have been stronger. Mr. Williams looked at it and said, 'It won't stand.' Men laughed at him and said, 'Can that fall?' Yet as soon as the waters rose it did fall. They built it again. He looked and said 'It will fall,' and sure enough when the waters again rose it fell. All men wondered. The third time it was built, Mr. Williams looked and said, 'This time it will stand,' and it did

stand and stands till this day. Mr. Williams was a very wise man."

The bridge, as can be seen in the cut, is mason work only in the center, while over the swifter, deeper current near each bank is a line of boats roped together, which constitute the two ends of the bridge. This part of the bridge can be used only in low tide, usually from about June 1st till late in the winter when heavy rains, helped by the melting snows of the mountains, raise the swift Tigris *Düklät*, which means Arrow River. Then by means of ropes and posts well fastened into the bridge proper, the boat bridge is drawn up.

A few years ago, at the time the waters





CITY OF MOSUL, ON THE TIGRIS.

rose, a company of mountain Nestorians were coming into Mosul. Wanting some one to do the manual labor, the guards laid hold on these Nestorians in the same manner as once "They laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian," and compelled them to do the work. Being wholly unused to the management of such a heavy arrangement, they all, twenty men, were dragged off into the river and, becoming tangled in the ropes, were drowned.

Our picture represents either late summer or the winter time, as dry land appears in the middle of the river. The people on it are, in all probability, women washing clothes, as this is one of their favorite washing places in low water. They will walk out on the bridge with their bundles on their heads, and when they reach the dry land let themselves down by means of an improvised ladder. Here they congregate, almost naked, washing their clothes by beating them with a paddle, spreading them out on the pebbles and gossiping for the most of the day, while the children play about naked, sometimes in the water sometimes on the land, till their clothes are dry enough to put on. It is not an uncommon sight, when the weather is cold enough, to see children, who are not yet large enough to run about, sitting shivering and blue with cold on the damp ground, crying, and the burden of their cry is "*Imma, imma*" (Mother, mother).

Since Mosul is the only place in our field yet open on the west side of the Tigris, it is necessary to cross this bridge whenever we visit the villages in our field. If we leave the city early in the spring, before the

water has gone down so that the boat bridge can be put in place, we have to cross in one of the boats taking our horses in with us. The first thing to be seen after crossing the bridge are the low hills which are all that remain of the "great city Ninevah." A city of such size, wealth, influence and wickedness that it frightened the prophet of God to even think of going there, *now* would not be noticed by the casual passer, while not far from the site of the great palace stands a conspicuous white minaret to mark the supposed site of this prophet's tomb. In and about the great Palace of Sennacherib are shafts where excavations have been made in the interest of the British Museum, and a few pieces of marble sculpture may still be seen. Two years ago, one of the famous human-headed bulls was broken up and carried away for mill-stones. Now, within the territory once occupied by so much splendor there are waste places where they say the lions come, but there are portions of it under cultivation. The villages here are built on mounds which are the remains of large edifices. In going to our mountain field we either pass by, or through, these ruins.

In the summer and fall the Tigris shrinks to a stream, along either bank, which can be forded, so, when we come back after our summer in the mountains we have no need of the bridge. But some one else has, not, however, for the purpose of a bridge, but a bazaar. The archways are used for shops. Under some of them, with the dry river bed for the floor, is kept a sort of Oriental livery stable; some are used for fruits, some for vegetables, a few for dry goods bazaars

and a good many for butchers' shops. The butchering is done close by the shop, so that to ride by them is like passing through a slaughter yard; yet the stench is not much worse, if any, than that of the streets of the city of Mosul.

It is this bridge that the mountain boys and girls cross when they come to school. One can see, in the picture of the city, a low building at the end of the bridge. It is here that the pupils have to pay toll and

show their passports. Few of them have the latter and there is no place where they can get them till they reach Mosul, yet, unless we have an influential man stationed here to receive them, they are almost sure to be fined or in some way get into trouble. Once, the whole party of boys and girls fell into the hands of the government and were kept in prison all day.

*Anna Mellon.*

## THE MORAL DARKNESS OF BULE LAND.

WE have, no doubt, come among a desperately wicked people. When I first arrived I wrote a letter with the heading "Bule Land," but afterwards, knowing more of it, my next letter was dated "Chaos," for this is the very home of all disorder. They have reversed the whole moral law and every righteous maxim. Every man's hand is against his neighbor. Selfishness reigns supreme. There is no word in their language for "service," they have not the idea.

Last week Mr.

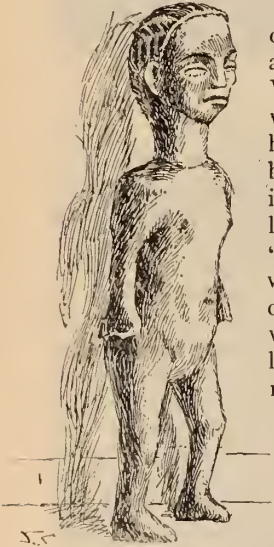
Good and I visited a town one half-day's walk from Efulen. We found the stormiest people I have ever seen. They quarreled almost without ceasing, each quarrel involving all the men and women of the town. During the day it was carried on in the street, becoming worse at night when they scattered to their houses, the men yelling and the women screaming loud enough to be heard over the town. There is no lack of matter for quarreling. The occasions are so abundant that many palavers are not settled but are displaced by others. The occasion of a large quarrel the day that we arrived was that a certain man's hen laid an egg in another man's house, which latter man kept the egg. The town is rent in twain. The whole community is astir. The hills resound with

their noise. But, suddenly, strange quiet falls on all the town. It is time to eat. When eating is finished, another palaver cries out for attention and the former one is "laid on the table."

We are used to noise. The people dance in the street almost every night, often through the whole night, to the music of several wooden instruments which they pound furiously; and all keep up a yelling such as is only heard in Heathendom.

One day I had thrust upon me the pleasure of seeing a woman perform the native dance. The woman is a queen. She often comes selling potatoes. This day she was carrying a bundle rolled in leaves. She opened it and showed me a coil of snake which she was taking home for her husband's dinner. There were four other women with her, all queens, and, with herself, wives of one man. They all talk at once; those not talking are laughing, some doing both at once, and at the same time running about through the house asking for every thing they can find. But this particular woman insisted upon showing me the Bule dance, which consists of a series of fiendish contortions. The whole body is in rapid motion. One would think it without bone or solid part. She accompanies this with imitation of several wooden instruments, as weird as the dance itself. Both music and dance belong to the under world; neither should ever have reached upper air. She imitates all the instruments at once and dances on, heedless of perspiration and decorum.

As I know more of these people, I find greater depths of depravity. One sometimes wonders whether man cannot indeed descend to the depth of the witches in "Macbeth," to whom "Fair is foul and foul is fair." They will answer the most ordinary question with a lie where no reason is



FANG\* IDOL FROM THE OGOWE.  
[Drawn from the object.]

\*The Bule people are believed to possess the same, but are extraordinarily secret about such things.



conceivable unless a love of the lie itself. The only sexual immorality that they consider wrong is the unfaithfulness of a wife. They believe in God but their belief is unliving, a vague idea that has no fear in it and hence no moral force.

One day when I was returning from preaching in a certain town, several women who had heard the preaching were following along the way. One of them called to me, a woman in whose face was not a tincture of innocence. She said: "If God is so good why does He not give me more food?" I replied that the wonder was He gave her any; that God only promises to care for good people. She said that *she* was a good woman—a *very* good woman.

I asked if she had never done such and such things, mentioning their commonest sins. She had "never done them," had always been a model of truth and purity. I turned to the other women present and, to my surprise, they all agreed with her; they had never known her to do those things.

Think, how near the Abyss a people live on whom the greatest of truths, that of a Living God, has no moral force. I am told there are men among them called "Tiger-men," whose custom is to hide in the bush and spring like tigers upon passing women and children, cutting them to pieces.

It is such a people whom we have undertaken to tame by the Gospel.

R. H. Milligan.

### THE OFFERINGS OF SOME SYRIAN GIRLS.

CANNOT we raise more money this year than we did last? asked some of the "Light Bearers," a foreign missionary society in the girls' school at Tripoli, as they clustered about the table after their first meeting in 1893. Many of the girls were from well-to-do families, others too poor to give anything, yet they said "We *can* raise more money" and set to work to find the ways and means.

The committee made out a list of kinds of work possible to the members, with a fixed sum for service, and then called for volunteers. "Mending,"—"darning stockings," blacking shoes," (all the younger girls raised hands at this latter announcement, for that was work *they* could do, and rich and poor alike were eager to secure patrons among teachers and older girls,)—"crocheting," "plain sewing"—"dress-making"—all were ready to respond, teachers and girls agreeing to earn the money given to the missionary cause. So the year began with an enthusiastic interest which never lagged from November to July, when the boarding scholars emptied their purses of change, saying, "Better leave it here to go into the society purse, because we are going home and can get more."

Many stitches were set, many garments completed, grimy were the little ones' fingers over the shoe polishing; all of which testified to the zeal of the Light Bearers in making the amount grow from week to week. One sweet girl, Lateefeh, the dear helper in nursing our sick ones, who received a *ma-ieedie* (about eighty cents) for some extra work, brought the whole amount to give into the Lord's treasury. Rosa made a

thank-offering for deliverance from a trying experience. A novel way of increasing the fund was by selling the hard-boiled eggs we sometimes have for supper. Several girls did not like them and sold them at the value of a cent apiece to their mates, putting the money into the treasury.

At Christmas the girls made a thank-offering to the Lord, instead of receiving presents, and denied themselves spending-money two weeks, thus enriching the treasury by over two hundred *piastres*—eight dollars.

A touching incident was when the little primary children, on hearing from their teacher of the poor blind children in Dr. Mary Niles's school in Canton, asked eagerly, "Cannot we send our money to them that they may hear about Jesus as we do?" So, for weeks, those little things denied themselves a much desired bit of sweet, a cake or an orange, faithfully bringing their *all* daily—worth about a fifth of a cent—until they had treasured up seventy-five cents.

At the end of the year the Light Bearers received an unexpected donation when the Sunday-school contributions were divided, and it was with much rejoicing that the large sum of \$36.50, was sent to the Women's Board in New York for the Arthur Mitchell Memorial Fund.

For three successive years previous, the school had made an annual contribution of \$10, and sent it, respectively, to Hamadan, in Persia, to Africa and to Canton, China, for the blind children.

M. C. Holmes.



[The following letter was crowded out last month.]

### KOREA.

MRS. BAIRD wrote from FUSAN, Sept. 25, 1894 :

After three whole months of drought our fall rains have set in, and Mr. Baird is vibrating between the study and the attic, armed with a lantern, pans, pails, and everything else that will contribute to keep the plastering from falling on our heads. Verily, as he has just remarked, these tabernacles of ours are not lasting. Outside, Dr. Irvin is hard at work with a shovel, turning a stream of water from the direction of his cellar.

#### KEPT IN PEACE BECAUSE—

In the midst of war and rumors of wars, Fusan is as peaceful as heart could wish, and so, apparently, are the other stations with the exception of Pyeng Yang where the Japanese won a great victory. That, with the naval victory a few days later, makes our position here perfectly safe at present. Indeed, we have never felt it to be anything but safe, for what else can the quiet statement mean, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them"? It has been a blessed thing for some of us, I think, to be brought within the possibility of danger, because it has taught us the strong Fortress that we have in our God. Our neighbors, a customs official and his family, have been terror-stricken for weeks, "but that," as our *amah* remarked one day after sage deliberation, "is different. They are here just to make money, but you are here to tell us about Jesus."

When Japanese troops began to land here, the Koreans were terrified and fled in great numbers to the country, so that our little daily service was well nigh deserted, but now they are coming back again. Last Sunday and Sunday before being gala days, attendance at services was excellent, about forty at one time and nearly one hundred at the other. We all sat down together on the floor, as usual, and they listened with good attention.

Since the weather has grown cooler I have been

going down afternoons to the dispensary to talk with the patients while they wait their turns. Dr. Irvin's good nature and kindness in dealing with his patients has been unfailing. It is a pleasure to see him at work among them. Some of them are trying enough.

MRS. GIBSON, who is at present with her daughter Mrs. Gale, wrote from GENSAN, Sept. 21 :

These solemn white-robed Koreans are everywhere. But one does not mind much their curiosity. They are simple as little children and will come up to me, if they are women, and touch my hair and speak in a gentle, loving voice, and, though I may not understand many words, I know they are saying, "You are old; your hair is white," and they, perhaps, bow down very low to me.

The sacred tree right beside our home has been quite neglected since the war began, for the women have not been out much because of fear of the soldiers. But just this morning I saw two kneeling down and rubbing their hands together and muttering. Then they scattered offerings of rice at the roots of the tree, brought two or three little stones and put them upon the pile already there. They then each tied a little red rag to the branches, and each helped the other lift the large earthen bowl of rice and pickle to her head, holding it with one hand. Thus doing, they separated the short jacket from the band of the skirt, and left the breasts and a wide strip of the back exposed. They go thus into the throngs that are on the way to market without the least shame, or shrinking from the cold wind that blows, for this is Korean custom and all is right.

I think we shall be able to get nearer these people if we are allowed to be with them through the war. We fear they will suffer for want of food this winter, as they have sold all their fine cattle to the Japanese troops; but they never use the milk, only using these animals to ride, carry burdens and kill for beef. They have also sold much of their small crop of rice and millet. The Japanese army employed them for more than two weeks as coolies and paid them two dollars

per day. This was more in one month than they could earn in a year in any other way; but they are squandering this money now in drink and all manner of foolish ways, and their harvest time is now over, as no more soldiers will be landed here. We are less apprehensive than when we were in danger of a horde of Chinese soldiers coming down upon us.

I have been very happy here with my children. I love to have the least part even in this work among the heathen.

### SYRIA.

HUMS, HAMATH, ALEPPO.

[See map in December issue.]

DR. MARY EDDY having gone from Beirût by steamer to Tripoli, thence, escorted by Rev. W. S. Nelson, by diligence to Hums, wrote from ALEPPO, Nov. 4, 1894:

That Sabbath spent in Hums was a day long to be remembered. Mr. Scander Haddad was ordained as pastor, and full congregations crowded the church morning and afternoon. The most noticeable thing to me in the congregation was the prevalence of ophthalmia, from which nearly all the children and thirty per cent. of the women were suffering.

We had to rise about two A.M. and start for the diligence, and by nine were nearing the immense city of Hamath. I had no idea of the size of its river, the Aasy, nor its castle, nor its famous water wheels. Everything here was novel. Such lovely silk woven table-cloths, napkins, spreads and towels as I saw! Mr. Aneese Selloum and his wife received so hospitably—a party of seven—and in twenty-four hours we filed out of the city to begin the long journey to Aleppo. First, our guard of soldiers, as the road is always considered dangerous. Then, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Selloum (our preacher from Mahardeh) and myself, abreast; then, my helper, Maalmy Helloon, and three attendants, the Moslem muleteer coming last. One of our acquisitions in Hamath was a water jar made of goatskin with the hair still on, resembling a boot-leg in shape; this was to supply us across the long stretches where no water was obtainable.

We passed many heaps of stones placed to mark the spot where travelers had been robbed and murdered. The second day we changed guards at Mu'arreh. Here was an immense khan, built many years ago of massive masonry. The arches opening into the central court numbered forty. A caravan of the regulation type was resting: seventy or more camels, men, women and children, all in search of refreshment during their brief stay. The head official came to beg some quinine. All along our way, whenever we passed a village, we purchased a huge watermelon. One of the guard would take my dagger and divide it into ten portions, and each of us would eat his portion in the saddle, and continue our journey refreshed.

Time fails me to tell of the wonderful villages we saw. In some of them, each house just like a conical

ant hill—no windows, only a low door; other houses, caverns hewn in the solid rock. Everywhere dense, stolid, unrelieved ignorance of the darkest hue. Not a thought beyond the bare necessities of a wretched existence. Who has made us to differ?

### OF THE SIZE OF ALEPPO

I can only speak as I have heard. It gives you the impression of a great mercantile center as you approach. Long lines of heavily laden caravans from the Euphrates and the coast; handsome suburbs with modern houses; the city itself stretching east and west, its hoary castle hill in the center and massive barracks in the background, make you feel that one hundred and fifty thousand is a low estimate for its population. Coming from the long, bare stretches of our late journey, we feel we are in civilized borders again. French, English, Turkish and Arabic salutations greet our ears, and in the hospitable home of our Syrian preacher, here, we are glad to rest for five days before returning. Our first stopping place will be Serakib, where we slept when coming. The roof is made of huge unhewn trunks of olive trees. Over these are placed old sacks, an old *abba*, or cloak, and a piece of mat to prevent the twigs and earth from sifting down. As I lay on my iron traveling bed and looked up, it seemed the very fittest place from which one might expect centipedes and scorpions to drop at any moment. Another thing: its two windows were hermetically sealed with mud, so I had to have the door open for air. Two soldiers slept in front of the door. Just after I had fallen asleep I woke suddenly to find a large, yellow, village dog had crept in to forage. Having disposed of him, I tried to sleep. In vain. All the cats in the neighborhood took turns in coming to pay a call.

We spent fifty-five hours in coming, twenty-four of them in the saddle. Mr. Nelson and I think that no missionary lady has traversed the road from the Syria Mission to Aleppo since my mother and Mrs. Ford passed through over forty years ago.

### A JOYFUL SIGHT.

We had Communion service here in Aleppo yesterday, Mr. Nelson and the Turkish pastor sharing the exercises, and the Turkish and Arabic congregations uniting. The church was packed and the sight was a joyful and unexpected one to my eyes.

### ABOUT ONE OF THE GOOD SCHOOLS.

MISS CHARLOTTE BROWN wrote from SIDON, Oct. 26:

We have our full number of girls now—forty-six—in the seminary, and with them recite ten girls from the city. The day school near by is doing well in charge of two of our own graduates, and Miss Louise Law, who has a general superintendence there, seems to have imparted some of her own enthusiasm to the teachers.



Human nature is much the same the world over, and in our big household here we have all sorts, from the conscientious girl who tries to do her best to the one who is always getting into trouble, but on the whole I think we have an interesting and attractive set of girls. Year by year they come better prepared both as to their minds and their clothes. I can remember the time when beds and towels and many garments were all supplied by the school, but now nearly every girl brings bed and bedding and a fair complement of clothes, as well as a certain amount of book learning, whereas we used always to have some girls who could hardly read a word.

The general tone of the school seems to be pleasant and harmonious, and you know how we all wish for a special blessing for Syria this year.

I am thankful for my year in America, with all its blessed privileges.

### LAOS.

MISS JULIA A. HATCH wrote from LAKAWN, Sept. 13 :

This evening my thoughts turn to the home land and the incidents connected with my preparation and departure are fresh in my mind, for it is just six months to-day since we were receiving such a kind welcome from the friends here. The months have passed very pleasantly and quickly. I make my home with Mrs. Thomas. We have all had perfect health, which we count a great blessing. We like our surroundings and new home very much. The people are kind and friendly and pleasant to mingle with. I am assured that life among them will be one of peculiar joy and blessing.

The language is our first thought now. I have a good teacher and enjoy the study, trying not to be impatient to get to work. I spend the mornings with my teacher and in the afternoons have translated, literally, into English our three Lao Gospels. I spend an hour with the women who are learning to read. They agreeably surprise me by their perseverance and ability. I have learned much in the daily lessons with them.

Our school began the new term, last week, with thirty-five in attendance, and the girls' school has about the same number. The children all seem glad to be back, and the interest is good. I have been in school a few days at a time, as a supply, and like the work very much. Although anxious to be teaching, I thought the wiser plan would be to make haste slowly and get a good foundation in the language.

Last Sunday was Communion and two persons received the rite of baptism, a schoolboy and a man sixty years old, on whom Doctor operated in May. He slipped away from his relatives to come here, for they feared he would get this new religion. Now he goes back,

### THE ONLY CHRISTIAN IN HIS VILLAGE,

and teaches crowds of people at his home, evenings. May they be awakened to something more than curiosity ! Besides these two, ten persons applied to the session for membership and two other men came to listen, as they said they soon wanted to come but had not learned enough yet. As much as we rejoiced over all this, we thanked God still more for the return of four members who have been going astray. Here, as at home, one inconsistent professor does much harm, and these people had been long prayed for, and, the Wednesday before, we had spent our English prayer meeting of one hour for them, remembering each one by name ; when they without any urging from any one came to the session repentant, and signified in public their acknowledgment of sin and wish to again be considered as Christians, we realized that we were answered while yet speaking. Fully one hundred and fifty were present, one hundred being numbered as the Lord's, I believe.

The boats from Bangkok are expected next week, bringing my goods from home. I have been living in my trunk as yet. Have gotten along very well.

### INDIA.

MRS. JOHN FORMAN wrote from RAKHA, FUTTEHGURH, September 26 :

I know I am shamefully remiss in not having written more frequently. It must be discouraging, indeed, to attempt to report regarding the work of those who fail to give you the necessary material. . . .

I had as my teacher a young man of about seventeen years of age, who had in earlier years neglected his opportunities and been removed from school. We had him in our employ for a while in the capacity of baby-tender. He became very penitent for his former carelessness, and while faithful in performing his duties, his spare time was devoted to study. He could follow as I read, having learned the alphabet, and explain to me the meaning of the words. When the school for training Catechists was established last spring, he was accepted as a member and is doing capital work. He was thoroughly familiar with the Persian, and fairly well grounded in common branches, besides having a good store of general knowledge, so I hope he will be a successful worker, as he seems earnest and anxious to lead men to Christ.

### A MEMORABLE CONTROVERSY.

Christians here have recently been much interested in the results of a public debate which took place, a year ago, between Mohammedans and Christians, at Amritsar. One of the Moslem leaders, who claims to be the forerunner of the true Messiah, in trying to establish his claim, prophesied that a prominent Christian, who had opposed him in the debate, would die before the 5th of September (1894). Naturally, as the time approached, Mr. Athim (the Christian)

became nervous, especially as a suspicious looking fakir tried to gain admission to his house on the day the Mohammedans were expecting his death. He still lives, and many who believed in their leader prophet have their faith shaken in their religion. It is said that eight Moslems who took part in this debate against the Christian religion have since confessed Christ.

But this is not *my* work. During the summer I went with a Bible woman three or four times a week to visit the villages near. There are eight which we visited in turn, sometimes going to two or three houses in one day, but oftener trying to gather as many as possible into one house; sometimes there would be thirty women. This, with my Sabbath-school class of boys from Christian families, constitutes my work. I enjoy it very much, and especially hope that those who seem to be touched by the story of Christ's love may be led to confess Him before men

#### DEATH OF REV. CHAS. W. FORMAN, D.D.

Mr. Forman's father spent his last months at Kasauli, and we went with him there. It was a great privilege to be with him during the few days before his last illness. Though largely cut off from active mission work, by reason of his deafness (from which he suffered since last winter) and general weakness, still he was full of new ideas and plans, was writing tracts, and had sent to some of his Hindu and Mohammedan acquaintances, accompanied by a note urging them to read carefully the message of salvation and accept Christ. His Bible and his Saviour were uppermost in his thoughts to the last, being the only names he spoke (except to call those of his wife and little daughter) for two or three days before he died.

Some one has said he was one of the sweetest characters India has ever seen, and certainly he has won the love and admiration of all who know of his patient, faithful labors for the young men, in particular, of the Punjab, and of those who knew him as a father in the mission.

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MRS. HENRY FORMAN also wrote :

Kasauli is in the Hills, having houses belonging to our Lodiana and Ambala Stations. It is a beautiful place, with less of grandeur and ruggedness than Landour, but possibly more variety and beauty. The trees here are all pines, that again being very different from Landour. "But, for us, there will hereafter always be something of sadness associated with Kasauli, for it was here that my husband's father "entered into rest" on Monday, Aug. 27. It is a very tender and sacred theme to me, to whom he was indeed a father and to whom I gave a daughter's love. I am so thankful that I came up a few days before his last illness.

#### COLOMBIA.

MISS CELIA J. RILEY wrote from BOGOTA, Sept., 1894 :

You know, before this, that because of Miss Hunter's ill health here she has been transferred to Baranquilla and I have taken her place in Bogota. This seemed to both Stations the best thing that could be done, and as Mr. Pond was to start for Mission Meeting in Bogota, I hastily packed my things and came with him, and had the pleasure of attending the first Mission Meeting of Colombia which was held shortly after our arrival. . . . Miss Nevegold and myself are both new on the field, but we have charge of everything, which is not so very easy with the little Spanish that we know. But as this seems to be where the Lord would have us, He will be our strength, and our work will become easier and pleasanter all the time, for I trust we shall be able to talk more after awhile. Spanish is a beautiful language and I am anxious for the time when I can use it as I wish.

#### PERSIA.

##### VACATION MISSIONARY WORK.

MISS GRACE RUSSELL of OROOMIAH wrote in the summer from SEIR, a few miles outside the city :

I am again at Seir. Mrs. Cochran has kindly invited me to spend vacation in her family, and I am so glad to have the privilege of living in a home with children again. We attended the women's meeting yesterday, and to-morrow I am going with Dr. Cochran to Dizataka, a long way from here. When the afternoon service closes I hope to have a meeting with the women. One of my schoolgirls who graduated last summer lives in that village, and I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing her.

We have been arranging for the semi-annual women's convention. Oroomiah Plain is divided into different sections, which are distributed among the ladies. Dr. Emma Miller and I have the city river section. It includes women from eight or nine villages. The different sections need different programs, as the city women are more intelligent and better readers than village women, and they, again, differ in degrees of knowledge and Christian growth. Two papers are to be read in our section. The subjects are : "What shall we do with our children during the summer, when they have no school?" and "How shall we serve God in our vineyards." The papers will be freely discussed after they are read, and I give a Bible-reading, upon which, also, they may all talk and give their opinions. Then there is the report of the Mite Society, and the reports of women's work from each village. These, interspersed with singing and prayers, make the program. We take topics such as the women need teaching and help upon, for they make it all religious. Indeed, all education comes under the head of Gospel work with them, for you see knowledge and light came *with* the Gospel, as they must ever do. We had a gathering of some forty women at the College to-day, to meet Mrs. Potter who came from Teheran.

# ❖ HOME DEPARTMENT ❖

## PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY MEETING—CHINA.

DEVOTIONAL.—Prayer for the mission work. Scripture reading: Acts xvii, 22–32.—  
Singing: “All hail the power of Jesus’ name.”

MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING.—Secretary.

ROLL CALL, each member responding with a thought from “Gleanings.” (*Ch. H. & A.*)

MEMORY LESSON of Names of Stations and their Missionaries: Canton Mission, by Mrs. A; Hainan, Mrs. B; Central China, Mrs. C; Shantung, Mrs. D.

TOPIC FOR STUDY.—Peking, China’s Capital City.—

Introduction of the Peking Missionaries by name. (Ex. xxxiii, 17.) . Mrs. E.

PRAYER for our Missionaries . . . . . Mrs. F.

The City of Peking . . . . . Mrs. G.

An Imperial Pupil at the Imperial College at Peking (*Ch. H. & A.*, Feb., '93, p. 108.) . . . . . Mrs. H.

An Ting Hospital, Peking (WOMAN’S WORK, Feb., '87 and '93) . . . . . Mrs. I.

The Temple of Heaven (W. W. W., Feb., '90) . . . . . Mrs. J.

The Peking Mission Field (*Ch. H. & A.*, Feb., '94) . . . . . Mrs. K.

Peking and the War (current newspapers) . . . . . Mrs. L.

Hymn.—“Blest be the tie that binds.”

Prayer.—Mizpah.

References.—(Peking.) Map and full sketch of Peking are given in *Harper’s Weekly*, Aug. 27, 1892. “The Middle Kingdom,” Williams. “Society in China,” Douglas. *Lippincott*, v. 35, p. 341. *Littell’s Living Age*, v. 166, p. 233. *Cosmopolitan*, v. 8, p. 153. *Encyclopædias*.

Decorate the room with the Chinese royal color and dragon flag. Play the Chinese National Air (Sousa’s “Airs of All Lands”).

Re-read 3d “Suggestion” (W. W. W., Feb., '93, p. 51).

### “HE THAT DOETH MY WILL.”\*

Long years ago, in dim and narrow cell,  
A holy man, who loved his Lord full well,  
In stainless robe of white, knelt down to pray,  
Thoughtless of all the world, that ’round him lay.

And this the burden of his fervent prayer—  
That ever purer, ever still more fair  
He might become, withdrawn from all the strife,  
The lures, the evils, ev’n the *worth* of life.

That far within, communing with his heart,  
And with his Master at this shrine apart,  
No breath of sin, no taint might be inwrought  
With ev’n his robe, white symbol of his thought.

As thus he prayed and dreamed and prayed again,  
He grew aware of some strange presence; then  
A Voice, like low sweet music filled the air—  
‘He who would be with *me* doth choose not *where*.

‘He follows where I lead; goes at command,  
Treads busy street, or seeks an alien land;  
Walks where sin’s ribald speech his ear may smite,  
Enfolds the outcast with his robe of white;

“Lifts high his flaming torch of light and love  
Where *never* strays a sunbeam from above;  
Walks bravely on through fires of hate and strife,  
And counts not dear his robe, his *wish*, his *LIFE*.”

Between the voices, then, a silence breathed;  
The *holy* man wept tears of love aggrieved.  
“Dear Lord,” at length he cried, “what have I done  
That thou canst think thine utmost will I shun?”

“*Send* me, with flaming torch, before Thy face;  
Send me, the glad, strong prophet of Thy grace;  
From mountain height to height let me proclaim  
Where’er Thou wilt, the glory of Thy name.”

The *low*, sweet music of that Voice again  
Thrilled on the air with gentle touch of pain:  
“‘Where’er I will,’ thou sayest.—Once of old  
So Peter said, when I his sin foretold.

“But, lo! I take thee at thy word; go thou  
Where yon cathedral’s portals open now;  
Upon the threshold, prostrate, speechless lie,  
Let all the gathering throng from far and nigh



"Their sandals cleanse on that white robe of thine,  
That no defilement stain those courts of Mine;  
That only pure, fair feet My altars press,  
And thus shalt thou fulfil My righteousness."

A horror of great darkness gathered then  
About the holy man, who wept again  
And pleading, cried, "Ah, Lord, dear Lord, not  
so—  
Thou knowest I love thee, though I fail to go ;

"Thou knowest I love not life, nor seek its gain ;  
Thou knowest I shrink not from its sharpest pain—  
But this—ah ! this—my Father, ask it not.  
So long hath been my robe without a spot,

"Thus let me keep it pure unto the end,  
And count me still thy true and loyal friend."  
"Where'er I will"—the Voice fell once again—  
"So Peter said—alas, faint love of men."

No more he spake, and night drew on apace  
Within the cell, where, still upon his face,  
The holy man yet struggled, prayed and wept,  
And till the morn his anguished vigil kept.

"I will"—"I cannot"—"cannot"—and "I will."  
So back and forth his purpose swayed, until  
Heart-broken for his vanished Lord, he cried :  
"Faint love," Thou saidst—Thou who for love hast  
died.

\* These verses are rather to illustrate a principle than to indicate that God would arbitrarily demand any particular thing of us if the thing were unreasonable and simply humiliating. They mean that whatever He demands of us is according to a certain law of growth. To know God aright, we must know something of ourselves. There must be some basis of comparison. And often we cannot know ourselves or the true attitude of our will toward God, until He makes some demand of us to which we find ourselves unwilling to respond. As when He was upon the earth, He puts His finger on the weak spot which we had not suspected—the little vanity, the baseless pride, the darling sin, the secret idol, the cant and hypocrisy, if any there be, of even our holy things. And by so much as our Father cares for us and would make us perfect, by just so much He will probe us, prove us, wound us, that He may then heal and uplift and glorify.—K. H. J.

### A COLLEGE GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

"I AM going to watch the Old Year pass away, and it will not require much of a vigil either, for in half an hour more he will have gone—gone !" So said Ella Blake to herself, as throwing a shawl over her pretty pink evening dress she drew an easy chair near the fire which still glimmered in the grate.

The room was tasteful with all the attractive belongings a refined young girl loves to gather around her—an etching here, a vase there, and on the table photographs and some precious pet volumes of poetry and prose. A glow of harmonious coloring pervaded the room, for Ella Blake had the artistic sense and loved beauty. She was an intellectual girl too, and had been proudly numbered among the more brilliant daughters of the college from which she had been graduated over two years before.

"Dear me !" thought Ella, "how time flies ! Here is my sister Amy a debutante. How winning the little witch was to-night, and how happy papa and mamma are to have her at home from school. She just fills the house with sunshine, and our

"Thy seamless robe, so fair and undefiled,  
Thou didst not keep from touch of foulest child ;  
But I—oh I, forsooth—my robe, my pride  
I deemed too precious for my Crucified !"

Then went he forth as Peter went of old,  
With bitter feeling, yet with love untold ;  
He sought the great cathedral's open door  
And laid him down upon the stony floor.

All day the wondering people came and went,  
And cleansed their feet upon the robe he lent ;  
Yet, when the great lights swung at close of day,  
The white robe shone as clear and fair as they.

For scarce that morn he laid his weary head  
On that most strange, divinely-ordered bed,  
When, sweetest, strangest marvel of it all,  
A crimson mantle 'round him seemed to fall.

And into his dimmed eyes his longed-for Lord  
Looked love uncompassed by our mortal word,  
While every foot that crossed the threshold wide  
Crossed on that crimson robe of Him who died.

Thereafter, many a year, one lived and walked  
Whose face so shone, so wondrously who talked,  
That if one asked what meant such heavenly word,  
Some said that once this man had *seen the Lord* !

(Mrs. Herrick) K. H. Johnson.

little brothers, Dick and Joe, adore her. She helps mamma so much, too. Yes, how time *does* fly ! It is two years and a half since our graduation day. I wonder what the girls are all doing. They thought I had 'a career' before me, and what have I done ?

"Well, I have kept up my music and French, and then once a week there has been the Shakespeare Society and I have always made time for some really stimulating, high-toned reading. Then I have had my Sunday class and the Working Girls' Club has claimed a little of my time, and I have had some home duties. But the lunches, the receptions, the concerts and the lectures, and the clothes one has to wear in going to these things do take so many, many hours.

"Those lectures Professor Brandt has just been delivering on art were fascinating, but I cannot tell how it was that I kept thinking, over and over, of the address Dr. Fisher gave us on our graduation day. He said something about the '*soul* artist,' the one whose life was devoted to molding human souls into all that was beautiful and noble. He

did not mean, of course, that any one could do such work as this without inspiration and help from above, but I have never forgotten the ideal of life he placed before us as he closed his remarks.

"And yet, Old Year, I must confess to you ere you die, how far, far short of this ideal I have come. Is life to go on and on just like this, always, while so many souls which might be saved and made gloriously beautiful and happy forever, are needing help? I wish I could do something better, something worthy and lasting. I have often felt how precious it has been to have Jesus Himself as my friend, to believe that He, the wholly pure, exalted and transcendently lovely One, was really mine. He has been very patient with me. How many, many times He has forgiven me! I wonder what *He* would have me do.

"How interesting Mrs. Winthrop, the missionary, was at the Women's Meeting the other day! She made those far away lands so real. She said there were some places in India and other countries where educated young women with loving and refined hearts were greatly needed. She seemed to think there is a *kind* of work among the women and girls that none can do so well. Of

course they should have earnest devotion and warm sympathy. No one can do good anywhere without sympathy. It was a new idea to me, though, that cultivation and all that comes from having had helpful home and social opportunities could tell for good over there, in such a wonderful way.

"God has given me many advantages, and I am thankful for my splendid college course, yet I always supposed that only those noble, rugged, self-made women would do as missionaries. I wonder if I could help in this work.

"Mrs. Winthrop said there was a school in India where a highly educated Christian lady was wanted, now, as a missionary teacher. Of course I would need a great deal of preparation and Bible study, and I might get a year in the Teachers' College. What would papa and mamma say? They have given us all to God, I know, many times, and now they have Amy here with them.

"It would be hard to leave my precious home, but Jesus left Heaven for us, and He would be with me. Can it be that this New Year will see me devoted to a missionary career?

"Dear Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

*Mary Pinneo Dennis.*

## SAMPLES OF THE AUTUMN MEETINGS.

[REPORTED BY DELEGATES.]

OHIO leads in Silver Anniversary Meetings. The *Presbytery of Steubenville* held Annual Meeting in Salineville, Oct. 1. Festoons of blue and dates in silver were reminders that the Parent Society is completing its twenty-fifth year of successful work. Addresses, papers and attention of the audience all showed that Steubenville is wide awake.

THE Presbyterian Union meeting of Morris and Orange was held in Summit, N. J., on a very rainy day. There was a bright, cordial look on every face, earnest directness in prayer and enthusiasm which the floods could not dampen. There were admirable reports, and young people's work had a prominent place. Mrs. Hepburn was introduced, who, after fifty years' service in China and Japan, at the age of seventy-five had just undertaken to lead a mission band of "lively boys." Miss Ford of Syria impressed us with the necessity of holding up the hands of our missionaries by constant, importunate, believing prayer.

SOCIETY of Washington Presbytery, Claysville, Pa. It was a rallying time rather than a business meeting. Dr. Jessica Carleton, their own missionary, who, with her colleague, had treated ninety-five hundred patients in India

last year, was present, and brought her friends into even closer sympathy with her work. The general verdict at the close was, "It has been a grand rally."

YOUNG People and Children's Bands of Pittsburgh and Allegheny Presbyteries, Allegheny, Pa. Addresses and exercises, including a drill by the "E. E. Swift Brigade," made up an interesting and instructive program, and the old and young folk are now marshaled for an active winter campaign.

INDIANA Synodical Society drew nearly 200 delegates to Indianapolis, for the twelfth annual meeting. We first celebrated the Lord's Supper, which drew all hearts near together, and close to the Crucified One. Our president, Mrs. D. B. Wells, who had spent some weeks traveling for the Board of the Northwest, gave interesting "Observations" on her itinerary. Mrs. Oscar Roberts, of Africa, and Mrs. Hugh Taylor of Lakawn, Laos (both Indiana women), were adopted as our missionaries. The amount for their salaries and to build a house in Chining Chow, China, aggregating \$1,257, is to be raised in addition to regular contributions.

We adjourned to lunch at the Baptist church. We do not permit our Marthas to lose the meet-



ings, but insist upon having lunch served by ladies of another denomination, each delegate paying 25 cents.

"An hour with our Missionaries," was conducted by Mrs. F. O. Ballard. Fifteen young girls represented our fifteen missionaries in foreign lands supported by Indiana people or societies. We learned the places of their birth, something of their early lives, where they received their education, also interesting features of their work, and we are better acquainted with them and shall bear them on our hearts and before the throne of Grace more than we have done in the past. Five of these missionaries are supported by a generous elder in the church where our meeting was held, every mention of whose name was followed by clapping of hands. A paper by Mrs. Smart, of LaFayette, was suggestive; Miss Sharp, of Ft. Wayne, spoke of the C. E. Convention at Cleveland; Mrs. Forsyth, of the Board of the N. W., held the attention of all by her impressive address to Christian Endeavorers. A large popular meeting in the evening was addressed by Dr. H. H. Jessup.

MICHIGAN Synodical Society, 21st Annual Meeting at Flint. President, Mrs. A. F. Bruske, of Alma. The minutes of the last meeting, prepared by Mrs. Seely, whom the Lord had called to Himself during the past year, were themselves a eulogy on her faithfulness. Mrs. Hickok also paid a deserved tribute. Under the head of "Ingatherings," the Presbyteries were reported by their Secretaries. The synodical society includes 127 women's societies, 72 of young people, and 20 Sabbath-schools, with a total membership of 5,953. Miss Dean, of Persia, gave an address, and Miss Dresser, just appointed to Nanking, China, told very tenderly the story of her call, and a pledge was made by all present to remember her in prayer.

Young People's Hour was conducted by Miss Emma Silver, of Detroit, assisted by others. Letters were read from Rev. and Mrs. C. Scott Williams, of Mexico, emphatically the missionaries of our young people in Michigan. Mr. Fenwick, of Korea, and Rev. Dr. Radcliffe, of Detroit, gave addresses.

COLORADO Synodical Society, Canon City. Guests were met at the train with carriages and the proffer of a ride through the city and a visit to the fruit farms, where apples, peaches, plums and pears grow in perfection; we were also treated to strawberries, the second crop of the season. Homes were opened to the dele-

gates, and the greatest hospitality shown; a reception was given at the St. Cloud Hotel, and on the morning after adjournment an excursion through the Grand Canon of the Arkansas was an added pleasure. On Thursday the Foreign Soc. met, Mrs. Wells, Synodical President, in the chair. Devotional meeting led by Mrs. Blaine; subject, "The joy of Christian service." Rev. Mr. Pollock addressed the meeting. Rev. Mr. McDowell, of Mosul, gave a graphic account of the degradation of the women there. Mrs. Helm, of the Board of the Northwest, urged an advance in gifts and consecration of all to our Master's service. This meeting of Synod was remarkable for the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit. Much time was spent in prayer and consideration of topics connected with vital religion and inner spiritual life, as well as Christian activity.

ROCHESTER Presbyterial Society, Pittsford, N. Y. At least 350 persons were present, over 200 being delegates. It was thought the best meeting they ever held. An address was delivered by Mrs. Gilman, of Hainan, and Mrs. W. S. Little read a paper on "Fidelia Fiske." Discussions followed on "Are we reaching all the women of our churches through our Auxiliaries? If not, why not?" and other practical questions.

AUXILIARY, Waterford, N. Y. Thirty present. Thank-offerings amounted to nearly \$90.

KANSAS Synodical, at Salina. Mrs. J. A. Allen represented the Southwest Board. Mr. Collins, of Laos, addressed the meeting.

STOCKTON Presbyterial, Merced, Cal. There were delegates from every Auxiliary but one.

SAN FRANCISCO presbyterial, Trinity Church, Sept. 28. The ladies of Trinity, noted always for their hospitality, were checkmated somewhat because Executive Committee said "a basket luncheon" was the kind that must be served, but they met us with a loving welcome. Reports from Auxiliaries closed with a talk from Mrs. I. M. Condit. Certainly no Auxiliary Secretary who heard will fail again to send her report in, on time. "How shall we conduct Auxiliary meeting?" was answered by an object lesson, leader, Mrs. Geo. Brown of Trinity Ch. An able address on "Christians and Foreign Missions" was delivered by Dr. H. C. Minton. After a social hour, which closed with supper, we enjoyed a twilight hour of prayer and adjourned in the evening to Young People's Presbyterial Society. Thus closed a day of blessing.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Woman in Missions: Papers and Addresses Presented at the Woman's Congress of Missions at Chicago, Oct., 1893.* Compiled by Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D. (American Tract Society.) 229 pp. Cloth, \$1.00.

This handsome volume is not a report of the Congress of Missions, but an arrangement in permanent form of the Papers which made the Congress. They relate to women either needing missions or prosecut-

ing missions. They are general and historical as: "English Female Missionaries," by Charlotte Yonge; or special, as "Medical Missions" by Isabella Bird Bishop. Mrs. Benj. Douglass, Mrs. Charles of England, Lord Kinnaird, Mrs. Gracey of the Methodist Church, Mrs. Darwin R. James, Mrs. A. F. Schaufler, are among the authors of these valuable Papers.

*The Student Missionary Enterprise.* Edited by

Max Wood Moorhead. (Fleming H. Revell Company.) 373 pages. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

This is a compilation of addresses and discussions of the 2d International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which was held at Detroit, Mich., last spring. It goes without saying that, with such speakers as Mr. John Mott, Mr. Robert Speer, Dr. Judson Smith, Dr. A. J. Gordon, J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. Jas. S. Dennis and many active missionaries, including some of our own Church, there is much that is wise and helpful in this volume.

*Among the Maories; or, Daybreak in New Zealand.* Jesse Page. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

*South America, The Neglected Continent.* By E. C. Millard and Lucy E. Guinness. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

Part I. recounts a mission tour made to South America by a party of Englishmen. Part II. is a Historical survey of the religious condition of the Continent.

*In Cairo and Jerusalem, an Eastern Note-Book.* By Mary Thorn Carpenter. (Anson D. F. Randolph and Company.) 222 pp. Cloth, ill'd, \$1.50.

The pleasant, easy style of a wide awake traveler; very pretty binding.

#### ARRIVALS.

November 24.—At New Orleans, Mrs. Theo. Pond, from Barranquilla, Colombia. Address, 53 Fifth Ave., New York.

December 8.—At New York, Rev. E. W. St. Pierre and family, from Oroomiah, Persia. Address, Waterman, Ill.

#### DEPARTURES.

October 25.—From Marseilles, France, Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Marling, returning to the Gaboon Mission, Africa.

December 5.—From New York, Rev. Malbone W. Graham to join the Colombia Mission at Bogota.

#### RESIGNATION.

Dr. Emma Templin, Allahabad, India. Appointed, 1892.

#### DEATH.

November 3.—At Batanga, W. Africa, Mrs. Mary G. Andrus, wife of Chas. J. Laffin, M.D., aged twenty-six years.

### SINCE LAST MONTH.

## To the Auxiliaries.

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

### From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street.

Directors' Meeting first Tuesday and prayer-meeting third Tuesday of the month, each beginning at eleven o'clock, in the Assembly Room. Visitors welcome.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—Daily meetings from Jan. 7 to 12 inclusive, in the Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut St., at three o'clock P.M. Please note that all the meetings will be held in the afternoon. Come and share the blessings that are certain to be granted to those who praise and pray with humble and expectant hearts.

IT WILL be a pleasure to all who give to the Silver Offering to know that \$5,000 of it may be devoted to the erection of a Hospital for women and children in Ambala, North India, where Dr. Jessica R. Carleton and Dr. Emily Marston are now resident physicians. Their work has grown and there is urgent need of such accommodation as will enable them to bring their patients under Christian influence. The Mission has asked for the Hospital and the Board has granted it, so there is nothing to do but collect the money and build. Of course all pledges must first be met.

The Anniversary Offering is an extra one in every sense, and it should be much more than the amount required for this Hospital. It is expected, therefore, in using \$5,000 for this purpose, the W. F. M. Society will appropriate only such money as would not otherwise have been raised, and will be able to build

this Hospital to stand forever as a memorial of the past and a pledge for future zeal and love.

CONCERNING the ordering of maps.—“Please send map of Syria for our December meeting.” This is a sample of many of the orders for the maps during the year. It can readily be seen that it will be an economy of time and postage if persons ordering maps will always mention the date of the meeting for which the map is desired, and please remember also to return it *immediately* after you have used it. Our object is to accommodate as many societies as possible and if one retains the map several days after it has been used, others may be deprived of it.

WE would remind the Societies and Bands of the *Praise Service* (“whoso offereth praise glorifieth me”), price 15 cents per dozen, \$1 per 100, and of the leaflet *Willingly*, 6 cents per doz., 30 cents per 100, both specially adapted for meetings this Anniversary year.

### From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48 McCormick Block, 69 and 71 Dearborn Street, every Friday at 10 A.M. Visitors welcome.

WE wish all our Auxiliary Societies could have the pleasure we at Headquarters enjoy, in meeting so frequently those directly from the field. Missionaries from Africa are, however, not often here, and this fact makes the talks of Rev. R. H. Milligan, who has just returned from the Bule country, especially interesting.



We have also enjoyed Rev. D. G. Collins, who has done such efficient work in the boys' school at Chiang Mai, Laos.

ANY man, whether minister or layman, who cares to attend our Friday meetings, is always welcomed. Some one with slip of paper in hand usually asks the stranger's name and whether or not he is a minister. This question was recently answered by one who added to his name and address, "Commercial Missionary—i.e., Drummer." We hope he was so interested that he will come whenever in town, and that other such "Missionaries" will visit us; we can always promise them something of interest.

HAVING occasion, recently, to look over the older files of WOMAN'S WORK we were interested in an item which we quote, a message from Miss Nicholson, who died at Erzroom, Turkey, in 1878. The item was taken from *Life and Light*. "It is very sweet dying, and yet I hope many of the girls from the West will come here for missionary work. Tell them in America that they don't know anything about how it is here; many workers are needed, but there are only a few. I hope the West will supply very many, especially Nebraska." Are not her prayers answered? The workers are coming forward from Nebraska and all the West.

THE going home of Mrs. C. N. Hartwell, so many years a Manager and Chairman of the Medical Committee of this Board of the Northwest, is a sundering of strong ties. All our medical missionaries, who graduated from the Woman's College in Chicago, will grieve that they will not see her again in the flesh and will especially miss the consciousness of her prayers in their behalf.

THE new Synod of Montana has recently organized a Woman's Synodical Society with three Presbyteries. That State is so vast and the Churches so scattered that we need to aid the new officers with our prayers for blessings on their efforts to instruct and inform.

WE have added to our list of leaflets, *What is Zenana Work?* 5 cents each, 50 cents per dozen. *Praise Service*, 2 cents each, 15 cents per dozen. *How Hindoo Christians Give*, 1 cent each, 10 cents per dozen. We still have a small number of *Year Books*, price 10 cents each. It is a needed article for any who wish to know of and pray for our missionaries and their work. Address W. P. B. M., Room 48, McCormick Block, Chicago, Ill.

### *From New York.*

Prayer-meeting at 53 Fifth Ave. the first Wednesday of each month at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and the reading of missionary letters, commencing at the same hour.

Do not forget that this year is our Board's

Twenty-fifth Anniversary. We want it to be a grand jubilee year, and the Century Dictionary says this word need not be confined to fifty year celebrations, so we claim it.

A beautiful envelope for this jubilee offering has been prepared and each member will find a little letter to herself inside. She is to think and pray about it, and then we expect such a flow of silver into the treasury that we will go far beyond the twenty-five per cent. advance asked of us. And with it, we hope for such spiritual blessings poured out on our missionaries and our own hearts that none of us can forget OUR SILVER JUBILEE.

THE Silver Jubilee envelopes are ready. Please send at once for them if you have not already done so.

ARE there not many invalids, mothers or little children, and others who, though not able to be present at missionary meetings, would like to feel they are having a part in the work? Could not such, by taking the magazines, uniting in the hour of prayer and contributing even a small sum, form "a silent membership" which might prove a hidden power?

At a morning missionary meeting not long ago, one came who had risen at a very early hour and accomplished her washing that she might be present. Does not interest like this rebuke some of us whom trivial engagements turn aside?

ONE writes in response to the circular letter from the Board: "The need of 'larger gains in love and prayer' weighs heavily upon me, and it really seems as if there would hardly be cause to ask for money if we were only in the right attitude spiritually. I think a step in the 'forward movement' with us must be along those lines."

"YOUR money or your life" were the last words that our dear Mrs. Laffin said to us in speaking of the demands of the foreign missionary service—ere she bade us farewell. Now she waits to bid us welcome on the golden shore. May our service be as loyal, as earnest, as whole-souled as was hers.

THE *Year Book of Foreign Missions*! The record is changing, oh how fast. Shall we not consult it day by day for the sake of those now toiling in distant lands?

WHEN sending to 53 Fifth Ave. for leaflets please make all checks or postal money orders payable to Women's Board of Foreign Missions. This will save much trouble. *Money orders* should be made payable at Station O, N. Y. City.

### *From Northern New York.*

DEAR CO-WORKERS:

The New Year, with its aspirations after higher and nobler things, with its resolutions

to do more and better work for the Master, is here. What more stimulating and encouraging watchwords can we take with us through this New Year—Eighteen hundred and ninety-five—than these: "Behold God, Himself, is with us for our Captain"? In many things in which we may engage during this year we may have doubts as to their successful issue; but of this one thing we may be sure, the warfare conducted by the Captain of our Salvation cannot fail. If we have discouragements, as we shall; if we say to ourselves, there is so much land to be possessed and we are making few inroads into benighted, sin-darkened regions: let us not forget our Captain has said, "Ask of me and I will give thee, the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

If the treasures are low and we do not know how our pledges can be redeemed, if we listen we shall hear our Captain say, "Every beast of the forest is mine and the cattle upon a thousand hills." "For brass I will bring gold, for iron I will bring silver and for wood brass and for stones iron." If we are cast down and disheartened and feel like crying, with the men of old, "We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we:" just here, dear co-workers of Northern New York, let us take to our souls' encouragement these grand words: "Behold God Himself is with us for our Captain." We are not fighting on the losing side. The redemption of the world from the power of darkness is very dear to our God. In laboring to this end, we are co-workers with Him. The message comes to all Auxiliaries and Bands: Press forward with renewed energy and courage. Give faithful attendance to all meetings. Offer earnest and unceasing prayer for the blessing of Jehovah upon missionaries and missionary enterprises. Let your giving be conscientious, systematic and proportionate.

May the New Year bring happiness to you all, and may much of this be found in the joy which will surely come to those who faithfully labor to hasten that day, which He has promised shall surely come at last and which we pray may come very soon indeed, when "All men shall know and love the Lord, from the least even unto the greatest."

Faithfully yours, *Kate G. Yeisley.*  
Hudson, N. Y., January, 1895. (*Mrs. G. C.*)

### *From St. Louis.*

Meetings at 1516 Locust Street, first and third Tuesdays of every month. Visitors are welcome. Leaflets and missionary literature obtained by sending to 1516 Locust Street.

OUR President, Mrs. Sholes, has been dangerously ill but at the time of this writing is pronounced "on the road to recovery." Let us unite in petitions to our Heavenly Father to spare this useful life to us, if it be His will.

A LETTER has been received from Mrs. Gifford assuring us of the safety of our missionaries in Korea and of their steadfast confidence that all things in this war will work together for the glory of God.

At our monthly meeting we had the pleasure of greeting Miss Sherman and of hearing her tell of life and work in India. She will be with her mother in Ottawa, Kansas, until the first of the year, when, at the request of the Board of the Southwest, she will visit societies in our territory.

MISS TRUSDELL, our C. E. Secretary, has returned from a tour among our societies in Indian Territory and Northern Texas. She reports encouragingly of the work that is being done and speaks highly of the efficiency and zeal of the presiding officers.

ATTENTION is called to the following extract from our Treasurer's report: "The first half of the Board's fiscal year is now closed and our auxiliaries have paid into the treasury \$181.78 more than they had this time a year ago. However, when we realize that our aim for twelve months' effort is \$15,000, and in six months of the time we have raised but \$2,975.98, leaving \$12,024.02, we may well be aroused. The feeling throughout our territory would be much more encouraging from a financial standpoint could we gather in early during the coming six months that which will surely come later. Let us not alone *give*, but give *promptly* and generously."

THE annual Praise Meeting of the Board was held in its rooms on November 20. There was a fair attendance. All present were uplifted and cheered by thought of the many causes for thanksgiving which we, as a Board, have had this past year.

WE are glad to be able to report an increase over last year at this time of subscriptions to WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

### *From San Francisco.*

Board Meeting first Monday of each month at 920 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10.30 A.M.; afternoon meeting and exercises of Chinese girls in the Home at 2 P.M. Visitors welcome.

OUR workers are charmed with the Year Book of Foreign Missions, which is having a wide circulation. It is invaluable, and a copy should be in the home—nay, rather, in the Bible of every worker, for daily reference, that the missionaries and their respective fields may be remembered at the throne of Grace on the special day assigned to each.

ALL who are within reach of 920 Sacramento Street should attend, if possible, the Board Meetings, which are held the first Mon-



day of each month. Keep in touch with the work by being present at the Business Meeting in the morning, and in the afternoon enjoy and profit by the "Flash Lights on the Topic for the Month" by Mrs. Palmer of East Oakland. They are comprehensive and suggestive, and notes may be taken by those present which will prove invaluable for use in their societies.

MISS BERRY who, for a long time, so acceptably filled the position as Editor of this column and also as Foreign Corresponding Secretary, has resigned to take up another line of work. We wish her Godspeed.

OUR Board is fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. J. B. Stewart of Pasadena as Foreign Cor. Secretary. Letters from foreign missionaries will be circulated once more among our Auxiliaries.

THERE is reason for encouragement in the "Station work" of the Occidental Board. One member of the Home in San Francisco is developing qualifications as a nurse. Classes are being formed to teach and train the girls in some practical way for future usefulness. Their handiwork was displayed November 23, at the "Ko Hing Festival," which was very successful financially, as well as an exhibition of their skill in needlework.

CIRCULARS have been sent out to the Juniors and C. E. Societies calling attention to Special Objects assigned to them. For the Juniors, a school at Batanga, Africa; work in Mexico, and the Occidental School, San Francisco. For the C. E. S., the salary of Mrs. Harriet Eddy Hoskins, Syria. These letters were sent from loving hearts, accompanied by prayer, and we bespeak for them careful attention and a favorable response.

THE sad news has reached Mrs. Russell, of San Francisco, mother of our Grace Russell, missionary in Persia, of the death of her son-in-law, Mr. Cruikshank, at Hebron, Syria. He and his wife had but recently gone to Jerusalem to work among the Jews, and she with two little ones is left alone in that foreign land—but not alone! "Fear not, I am with thee."

### From Portland, Oregon.

Meetings on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at the First Presbyterian Church. Visitors welcome.

MISSIONARIES *en route* to their fields, or returning to this country by way of Portland, are requested to notify Mrs. W. S. Holt, Box 1040, Portland, in order that they may be welcomed by the North Pacific Board.

SOME years ago a certain church in an eastern city reported a missionary society with every lady in the church a member of it. This was held up as an example for emulation. Here is another just as worthy of imitation:

A society of Chinese women and girls in our "Home" hold regular monthly missionary meetings in which *all lead in prayer*. The girls form one of the classes in Calvary Church Sunday-school. A blue banner is the prize given for the largest missionary collection during a quarter and the Chinese class were the first to receive it.

CHINA'S doors do not open to Miss Preston at present, and, unwilling to remain idle, she goes to the Mountain Whites of the South, our first Home Missionary.

Miss Preston asks that we pray earnestly with her, from now on, that she may be fitted to become a real power among the people with whom she is to labor.

## NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

### DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 1st Ch., Shining Stars.

### ILLINOIS.

Warsaw, reorganized.

### MICHIGAN.

Detroit, Grand River Ave. Mission.

### OHIO.

Cleveland, Case Ave. Ch., Jr. C. E.

" Euclid Ave. Ch., Jr. C. E.

" 1st Ch., Jr. C. E.

" Madison Ave. Ch., Jr. C. E.

" North Ch., Jr. C. E.

Dalton, S. C. E.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Bennett, S. C. E.

Fairchance, S. C. E.

Germantown, Somerville Ch., S. C. E.

" " Jr. C. E.

Lower Merion, S. C. E.

## Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from October 1, 1894.

### [PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE.—Annapolis, 5; Baltimore, Aisquith St., 78; Boundary Ave., 42.57; Boys' and Girls' Links, 16.05; S. C. E. Jr., 5; Covenant, S. C. E. Jr., 5; Lafayette Sq., 41.44; Light St., 13; Welling Workers, 16.84; 2d, 45.60; Waverly, 25; Deer Creek Harmony, 10.85; Frederick, 3; Govanstown, Busy Bees, 37; Lonaconing, 25; \$369.35  
CHILLICOthe.—Bainbridge, 3; Chillicothe, 1st, 20; Inf. Cl., 1.50; 3d, 6.25; Concord, 6.30; Frankfort, 5; Greenfield, 12.55; Hillsboro', 25; Sycamore Val. Br., 3.75; Mt. Pleasant, 5; North Fork, 10; Cheerful Givers, 80 cts.; Pisgah, 6; So. Salem, 10; Union, 2.10; Wash'n C. H., 3.40; Wilmington, 3.45; 124.10  
CLARION.—Du Bois, 25; Beechwoods, 22.80; Penfield, 5; Reynoldsville, 12.50; 65.30  
COLUMBUS.—Columbus, 2d, 13; Mrs. Wm. G. Dunn, 30; Broad St., 75; Westerville, 20; 138.00  
CORISCO.—Baraka, 10.00  
HOLSTON.—College Hill, 5; Greeneville, 15; Mt. Bethel, 15; Cheerful Workers, 4; Salem, 6.85; Y. L. S., 5.81; 51.66

JERSEY CITY.—Garfield, 17; Hoboken, 1st, 50; Wood Violets, 20; Jersey City, 1st, 52; S. C. E. Jr., 9.32; Claremont, 8; Westminster, 11.50; Newfoundland, 6; Passaic, 1st, 47; Little Light Bearers, 1.50; Paterson, 1st, 50; Y. L. S., 15.51; Westminster, 3.50; Rutherford, 16.85; Tenafly, 21; 329.18  
KITANNING.—Apollo, 31.66; Hopful Bd., 2.28; Faithful Workers, 1.56; Eldersridge, 16.08; Elderton, 7.75; Indiana, 97; Kittanning, 1st, 185; Mechanicsburg, 13; Marion, 11.13; West Glade Run, 25; 392.46  
LACKAWANNA.—W. Pittston, Helping Hands, 25.00  
MAUMEE.—Bowling Green, 19.08; Bryan, 7.72; Delta, 9.80; Fayette, 4.41; Kunkle, 3.92; Mt. Salem, 3.43; Paulding, 6.37; Toledo, 1st, 7.12; 3d, 9.80; Welling Workers, 4.90; 5th, 2.94; Collingwood Ave., 22.17; West Bethesda, 1.96; Weston, 12.86; West Unity, 9.80; 126.28  
MORRIS AND ORANGE.—E. Orange, 1st, S. S., 30.00  
NEWARK.—Bloomfield, 1st, 112.00; Westminster, 112.50; S. S., 60; Westminster Bd., 30; Caldwell, 56.80; Montclair, 1st, 100;

Newark, 1st, S.S., 30. In mem. Mrs. A. B. Schureman, 10, Miss Abel, 1; 2d, S.S., 75; Calvary, 35, Inf. Sch., 30; Central, 8; High St., 47.93; Park, 100; Roseville, 40; So. Park, 72.76; Wickliffe, 25, 946.49  
 NEW CASTLE.—Chesapeake City, What we can Bd., 5; Dover, 24.10; Elkton, 13.80, S.C.E., 5; Federalburg, 3; Forest, 23.8; Penny Gleaners, 6.52; Glasgow, 3; Head of Christiana, 12.75; Lower Brandywine, 5; Manokin, 15, A friend, 3.50, S.S., 22.14, S.C.E., 3; Milford, 20; Newark, 10, S.C.E., 21; Pitt's Creek, 26, Rosebud Bd., 7.60; Port Deposit, 25; Port Penn, 3, Willing Workers, 5; Rock, 4; St. George's, 17; Wicomico, 10.62, Betty Slemons Bd., 6.83; Wilmington, Hanover, 56.28, Light Bearers, 10, S.C.E., 3; Rodney St., 33.57, S.C.E. Jr., 5; West, 14, Keigwin Bd., 14, S.C.E., 5, S.C.E., Jr., 90 cts., Happy Workers, 10.36; Zion, 17.25, I will try Bd., 1.36, Baby Ethel mem., 1.11, 472.97  
 NORTHUMBERLAND.—Williamsport, Bethany, 4.00  
 PARKERSBURG.—Grafton, 5, S.C.E., 2.50; Sistersville, 0; Spencer, 3.87; Mrs. Flanagan, 1, 22.37

PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. E. L. Linnard, 100.00  
 REDSTONE.—Belle Vernon, S.C.E. Jr., 2.50  
 WASHINGTON CITY.—Anacostia, 1.80; Falls Cb., 40; Hyattsville, 5, McIlvaine Bd., 10, S.C.E., 10, Y.L.B., 20; Washington, 1st, 27.50; 4th, 13.06; 6th, 30, Cheerful Givers, 5; Assembly, 10; Eastern, 5; Gurley Mem'l, 10; Metropolitan, 25, Mater Bd., 10; New York Ave., Youths' Soc., 100, Bethany, Bd., 66.11, Bethany Boys, 4; North, 13.75; Western, 17.20; West St., 20; Westm'r, 8, 451.42  
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Gwynedd, Pa., Bright Jewels, 10; New Florence, Pa., Miss Maggie Snyder, Thank off., 1; Salem, O., a friend, 2, 13.00

Total for November, 1894. \$3,674.08

Total since May 1, 1894, 28.88.05

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, Treas.,

1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dec. 1, 1894.

### Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to November 20, 1894.

CEDAR RAPIDS.—Anamosa, 3.43; Blairstown, 10.40; Cedar Rapids, 1st, 146.10; 2d, 55.90; 3d, 6; Central Park, 10.60; Centre Junction, 7.50; Clarence, 11.50; Clinton, 118; Linn Grove, 25; Lyons, 5; Marion, 15; Monticello, 6.40. Mt. Vernon, 10.30; Onslow, 2.85; Wyoming, 6.20; Vinton, 68.98, \$509.16  
 CENTRAL DAKOTA.—Brookings, 3.87, Good Will Bd., 5.81; Miller, 65 cts., Willing Workers, 62 cts., C.E., 3.13, 14.08  
 CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 135.55; 2d, 97; 3d, 150, Poys' Bd., 7.50; 4th, 103.60; 6th, 65.75, S.S., 35.21; 41st St. Ch., 40, C.E., 5; Ch. of the Covenant, 10; Fullerton Av. Ch., 16.80, C.E., 5.71; Jefferson Park Ch., 17.16, C.E., 40; Lake View, C.E., 12.50; Hyde Park, 30; Lake Forest, 44.50, Y.P.S., 16.51, Steady Streams, 17.28; Maywood, 10; Coal City, New Hope Ch., 7.85; Oak Park, C.E., 40; Mr. J. T. Ford, 10, 917.92  
 CHIPPEWA.—Ashland, 6.50; Eau Claire, 11; Hudson, 12; West Superior, 2.15, 31.65  
 CORNING.—Afton, 5; Bedford, 8.70; Corning, 10; Emerson, 6.85; Lenox, 1.90; Malvern, 17.37; Red Oak, 8; Sidney, 12; Shenandoah, 0.69, Jr. C.E., 10.11, 89.62  
 DENVER.—Denver, Central Ch., 50; 23d Av. Ch., 15; Highland Park Ch., 3.15; North Denver, 1.35, C.E., 11, 80.50  
 DES MOINES.—Adel, 7.28; Albion, 24.99; Dallas Center, 4.85; Des Moines, Central Ch., 48.50, C.E., 42.50; 6th, 6.07; Clifton Heights Ch., 1.94; Westm'r Ch., 4.85; E. Des Moines, 13.34, S.S., 19.82; Garden Grove, 3.21; Indianola, 6.07; Leon, 5.34; Medora, 3.40; Oskaloosa, 6.94; Panora, 4.85; Perry, 2.72; Russell, C.E., 5.34; Winterset, 18.19, 230.20  
 DUBUQUE.—Dubuque, 2d, 12.00  
 FARGO.—Fargo, 9.10; La Moure, 13.15, 22.25  
 FT. DODGE.—Bancroft, "T. Addison Williams Mem'l," 5.00  
 FREEPORT.—Cedarvale, Sunbeam Bd., 7; Freeport, 1st, 75; 2d, 10; Guilford, S. S. Gleaners, 13.25; Middle Creek, 116.82; Polo, 6.55; Oregon, 5.61, S.S., 1.39; Rockford, 1st, 70; Westm'r Ch., 10.10; Winnebago, 5, 320.72  
 GUNNISON.—Grand Junction, 10.85; Salida, 4.25, S.S., 1.75; Glenwood Springs, 7.50, Jr. C.E., 3, 27.35  
 HURON.—Fremont, 27.50; Tiffin, 46.51, 74.01  
 IOWA.—Birmingham, 6.75; Burlington, 18; Fairfield, 25;

Mediapolis, 10; Montrose, 5; Mt. Pleasant, 28; Spring Creek, 10; Winfield, C.E., 2, 104.75  
 INDIANAPOLIS.—Per Dr. Jessup, 10; Mr. W. S. Hubbard, 541.67, \$511.67  
 KALAMAZOO.—Kalamazoo, 1st, 33.47; Plainwell, 10; Richmond, 5.11; Sturgis, 6.50; Three Rivers, 6.10, 61.18  
 LAKE SUPERIOR.—Ishteping, 10; Menominee, 10; Sault Ste. Marie, 20, 40.00  
 MADISON.—"A Friend," 10.00  
 MATTOON.—Ashmore, 16; Edgar, 31; Robinson, 10; Tuscola, 5, 62.00  
 MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee, Immanuel Ch., 30; Racine, 25, 55.00  
 MINNEAPOLIS.—Minneapolis, Westm'r Ch., 102, S.S., 60; 5th, 2.90; Stewart Mem'l Ch., C.E., 4, 168.90  
 MUNCIE.—Converse, Mrs. M. C. Kelsey, 16.90  
 OTTAWA.—Aurora, 9.50; Onarga, 7; Sandwich, 16.53, 33.03  
 ST. PAUL.—Hastings, 5; Red Wing, 22.90; St. Paul, 9th, 5.50; House of Hope Ch., 9, C.E., 43.75, 86.15  
 SCHUYLER.—Appanoose Ch., 17.25, Cbeerful Givers, 4.50; Clayton, 5; Macomb, Miss Sara J. Park, 10; Prairie City, 7, 43.75  
 SIOUX CITY.—Cherokee, 25.00  
 SOUTH DAKOTA.—Kimball, 2.38; Parker, 23.47; Scotland, 8, 33.85  
 UTAH.—Smithfield, 1.00  
 WATERLOO.—Ackley, King's Sons, 1.22; Grundy Center, C.E., 30 cts.; Marshalltown, S.S., 6.43; Nevada, Jr. C.E., 3.88; Salem, C.E., 2; Tranquility Ch., Whatsoever Bd., 5.52, 10.36  
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Miss Mabel Elliott, 10; Hudson, Wis., Willing Workers, 10, 20.00

Total for month, \$3,667.00

Total since April 20, \$20,314.08

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, Treas.,  
 Room 48 McCormick Block.

Chicago, Nov. 20, 1894.

### Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for November, 1894.

BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, Bethany, 14.58; Duryea, 11.83; 1st, 20.67, Mr. W. A. Parker, 250; Grace, 3.61; Greene Ave., 6.42; Lafayette Ave., 86.88; Mem'l, 27.42; Prospect Heights, 7.90; Ross St., Th. off., 33.69; 2d, 1; South 3d St., 57.11; Throop Ave., 16.68, Y.L.S., 29.17, Helping Hand Cir., 1.17; Westm'r, Y.L. Guild, 20; Stapleton, S. I., 1st, 29.17, 742.30  
 BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Bethany, 56; Central, 50; North, 21; Westm'r, 6.25; Jamestown, S.S., 15; Lancaster, 5; Sherman, 21; Tonawanda, 12.70, 186.95  
 CAYUGA.—Auburn, 2d, Girls' Soc., 12.30, C.E., 7.70; Cayuga, 10; Sennett, 15.25, 45.25  
 CHEMUNG.—Dundee, 25.00  
 GENEVA.—Geneva, 1st and 4th, 5, P. off., 34.67; Seneca Falls, 15.50; Trumansburg, 31, C.E., 5; Waterloo, Warner Soc., freight, 1; Cash, 6, 98.17  
 HUNSON.—Chester, Bd., 5; Nyack, 1st, 6.10; Otisville, 7.50; Ramapo, 24.20; Ridgebury, 15, 57.80  
 LYONS.—East Palmyra, 13; Fairville, 5; Lyons, 44.80; Sodus, Y.P.S., 7.50; Williamson, 3.72, 74.02  
 MORRIS AND ORANGE, N. J.—Morristown, 1st, 200; South St., Y.L.S., 52, 222.00  
 NEW YORK.—New York, Central, 70, P. off., 106.50; Har-

lem, Helping Hands, 20; Mt. Wash'n, P. off., 25; Olivet Chapel, King's Daughters, Shining Lights, 15, S.S. Miss. Ass'n, 30; Park, 56, Seekers for Pearls, 56, Jr. Light Bearers, 13; Thirteenth St., 10; West End, 20, 421.50  
 NORTH RIVER.—Amenia, South, 25; Cornwall-on-Hudson, P. off., 1.50; Highland Falls, 1.55; Little Britain, 10; Matewan, 20; Newburg, Calvary, Earnest Workers, 25; Pine Plains, 10; Salisbury Mills, Hope Chapel, Bd., 9.03, 102.08  
 ORSEGO.—East Guilford, 2; Hobart, 5; Worcester, 17, 14.00  
 ST. LAWRENCE.—Gouverneur, 40.00  
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Brooklyn, Westm'r, 20.04; Cboconut Centre, Mrs. H. B. Williams, 1; East Bloomfield, N. Y., 19.62; Mrs. H. S. Jones, 3; N. Y., Mrs. M. B. W., 25; Through Miss Holmes, 5, 73.07

Total, \$2,132.74

Total since April 1st, 1894, \$20,575.86

MRS. C. P. HARTT, Treas.,  
 53 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

MRS. J. A. WELCH, Asst. Treas.,  
 34 West Seventeenth St., N. Y. City.

### Receipts of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions to November 24, 1894.

SACRAMENTO.—Chico, \$3.00  
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Miss L. B. Davis, Gloucester, Mass., 5; Board rec'd at "Home," 110; Contribution Box at "Home," 6.13, 121.13

Total for month, \$124.13

Total since March 26, 1894, \$3,094.55

MRS. E. G. DENNISTON, Treas.,  
 920 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.









